VOL. I.—No. 4. MANCHESTER, Saturday, August 15, 1868. Price One Penny.

"So, so;—well done! well done!"
CYMBELINE.

When feeling neither hot nor cold,
When reigns the frost or rules the sun,
We proudly Gee's rare hat behold,
And often cry "well done, well done!"
How soft it feels! how well it fits!
We joy that art so much has won,
And as upon the head it sits,
Gaily we cry "well done, well done!"

JAMES GEE, FASHIONABLE HATTER,
13, MARKET STREET.
The Largest Establishment in Manchester.
Sole Agent for Woodrow's Patent Prize Medal Hats, Ladies' Riding, Gentlemen's Hunting and Fishing Hats, Deerstalkers, &c.; Walking, Dress, and Sword Sticks, Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valise, Racecourse Bags, &c. Macintoshes, Umbrellas, &c. The Stethoscope Holder for the Hat. Le Conformateur used at this establishment.

ESTABLISHED 70 YEARS.

RICHARDSON, ROEBUCK, & Co.,
(Purveyors to Her Majesty, by appointment, dated March 15th, 1842.)
OFFER THE FINEST BLACK TEA AT
3/6 per lb.
GOOD USEFUL TEA AT
2/6 and 3/- per lb.
21, MARKET PLACE, MANCHESTER.
REVISED LIST OF PRICES ON APPLICATION.
JOHN BLAKELEY, PROPRIETOR.

ALBERT
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
(Established 1838.)

Annual Income	near £350,000.
Capital	£500,000.
Claims and Bonuses Paid.....	£5,000,000.
Income from New Business obtained in the past Six Years	£200,000.

ASSURANCES PAYABLE DURING LIFE.
Invalid Lives Assured at Equitable Rates.
AGENTS WANTED where not Represented.
NORTHERN BRANCH—
S. P. BIDDER, Manager, 131, Market-st., Manchester.

And if he stand on hostage for "this safety," let him demand what pledge will please him best.—*Shakespere.*

BELLHOUSE'S PATENT SAFETY APPARATUS for Hoists and Colliery Cages. Price £10. One month's Trial.
SOLE AGENT—
JOHN WHITFIELD HARLAND, 9, CHAPEL WALKS, Manchester.

PIANO-FORTES
BY ALL THE LEADING MAKERS,
FOR
SALE, HIRE, EXCHANGE,
LET ON THE TWO YEARS SYSTEM.
LOCKE, Manufacturer,
39, Great Bucle Street, Strangeways.

"WHEN SEEN MAKE A NOTE OF."

HEWITT'S
Black Satara Suits, 3 guineas.

HEWITT'S
Super Black Suits, 3½ guineas.
The above are very exceptional, and unparalleled in the history of Tailoring.

HEWITT'S
Super Black Suits, 4 guineas.
Excellent value.

HEWITT'S
Business Suits, 3 guineas, and 3½ guineas.

HEWITT'S
15/-, 17/-, 19/-, and 21/-
Trousers.

HEWITT'S
21/-, 25/-, 27/6, 30/-, & 31/6
Aquascutum or Waterproof Overcoat, in Tweed or Melton Cloth, ready for immediate wear.

TERMS—
Manchester Parcels, Cash on Delivery.
Pre-payment required when Goods are sent out of Manchester.

J. M. HEWITT,
TAILOR,
72, MARKET STREET,
MANCHESTER.

J. MC. DONOUGH'S
HAIRSEATING, HORSE HAIR & FEATHER MANUFACTORY,
HANOVER WORKS, RIGA STREET, SHUDEHILL, MANCHESTER.
CURLED HAIR, HAIRSEATING, UPHOLSTERERS' TRIMMINGS, MOROCCO & ROAN SKINS, &c., &c.
NEW FEATHERS FOR BEDS.
OLD FEATHERS DRESSED AND PURIFIED.

THE
"VOWEL" WASHING MACHINE.
The attention of the public is particularly directed to the above Celebrated
WASHING, WRINGING AND MANGLING MACHINE,
the thorough practical usefulness of which is now universally acknowledged and appreciated. The Vowel Washing Machine received last year (1867), in addition to 80 Silver Medals and First Prizes previously awarded, the only
PRIZE MEDAL AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION;
Also the Silver Medals of the Imperial Society of France, the Royal North Lancashire, Staffordshire, Manchester, and Liverpool Societies; also the Silver Medal of the South Australian Agricultural Society, presented by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh.—See Catalogues, free by post, on application to BRADFORD & CO., Cathedral Steps, Manchester; 63, Fleet Street, London; Dublin and Paris.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON.
Established upwards of a quarter of a century.
GAS CHANDELIERS, from 11s. 9d.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON.
TEA URNS & WATER FILTERS.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON.
LUSTRES & BOHEMIAN GLASS.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON,
FURNISH and FIT-UP the Cot, the Mansion, Church, and Chapel, with neatness and cheapness.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON.
Estimates free. Experienced workmen sent to all parts of town and country.
N.B.—A visit to the Showrooms is respectfully solicited.

TABB & Co., General Drapers, are now offering all Summer Goods at Half-price! 28, Oldham Street, Manchester.

TAKE A CARD. ROYSE'S PATENT VENTILATING, EASY FITTING, HATS. HALF WAY UP OLDHAM STREET.

BOOKS, &c.

THE FOREST OF ROSSENDALE,
BY EDWIN WAUGH,
Will appear in the *Sphinx* of Saturday next.

THE SPHINX: a Journal of Humour and Criticism.

CONTENTS OF No. 1.—July 25.

1. Prologue.
2. Hats and their Wearers.
3. The General Election Races.
4. The Cup and the Lip: a Ballad of the Queen's Prize.
5. On the Rialto; or Sketches on 'Change.
6. Soldiers' Life in Manchester. (A visit to the Hulme Barracks.
7. The Police are—Nowhere.
8. Theatres and the Public Taste.
9. A Lay of Summer.

London Critics on Manchester Artists—The Queen at Home—Little Pat and the Parson—Leisure—The Chessboard.

CONTENTS OF No. 2.—August 1st.

1. The Grammar School at the Universities.
2. A Rhyme from Llandudno.
3. Wiring Inn.
4. Birch Church and its Rector (Rev. Canon Birch).
5. The Haymarket Company.
6. A Snigbrook Meeting on the State of Trade.
7. Not for Joseph: a Lay for the Town Clerk.
8. Bowdon and the Bowdon Railway.
9. The Moan of the Irwell.
10. Proverbial Philosophy.

Thackeray's Birthplace—Patti's Last Appearance—The Girl of the Period—A Journalist's Blunder—Scotch Version of Goethe's Peasants' Dancing Song—The London Newspapers—A Literary Curiosity—Eothen's Description of the Sphinx.

CONTENTS OF No. 3.—August 8th.

1. Manchester Banks: Heywood's.
2. The Haymarket Actors at the Theatre Royal.
3. Mrs. Grundy on the Hot Weather.
4. London Papers: the *Times*.
5. The Mayor and Many Friends.
6. A Strange Preacher (the Rev. Peter Mackenzie).
7. Owen's College and the Grammar School.
8. My Debut as a Sportsman.
9. An Enigma by the Sphinx.

Lines on a Soiled Glove—Carly'e and Burns—An American's Impression of Oxford—A Batchelor's Button.

Back Numbers may be obtained from the Publisher, Mr. John Heywood, *Sphinx* Office, 143, Deansgate, Manchester; or by order from all Booksellers and Newsagents.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LIBRARY COMPANY, LIMITED.—Manchester Branch, 25, Corporation-street, near Ducie Bridge.—Single Subscription, £1 1s. for newest works, second class 10s. 6d., for two vols. recent works, changed at pleasure. Surplus books for sale at reduced prices.
Lists, &c., post free.
H. WOOD, Sole Agent.

WHAT IS A SPIRITUAL MAN?
An Appeal to Reason. By the Author of "Written in the Earth."
WRITTEN IN THE EARTH! By the Author of "What is a Spiritual Man." One Penny each.
Publisher: JOHN FERGUSON, Bookseller, 8, Market Place, Manchester.
"Two tracts remarkable for force and truth—full of burning words. The Author has furnished an admirable answer to the question—"What is a Spiritual Man," which all man would really be the better for reading. If any one wants to spend a shilling usefully, let him buy twelve of these tracts, and distribute them."—*The Author of Living to Purpose.*

MR. BEN. BRIERLEY IN THE *CITY NEWS.*

THIS day, and every Saturday until completed,
AB'-O'-TH'-YATE IN LONDON;
OR,
SOUTHERN LIFE FROM A NORTHERN POINT OF VIEW.
DESCRIBED IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM AB TO HIS WIFE.
BY BENJAMIN BRIERLEY,
Author of "Tales and Sketches of Lancashire Life."

The *City News* is published every Saturday Morning, price One Penny.

BOOKS, &c.

THE CHANDOS CLASSICS—No. 1.
In large crown 8vo, cut edges, 768 pp; postage 4d.
WARNE'S SHILLING SHAKSPEARE.
N.B. The "Chandos Classics" Edition of Shakspeare contains the Works, Life, Will, Poems, Glossary, &c.
"It is admirably got up and beautifully printed."—*Daily News*
FREDERICK WARNE & Co., Bedford-street, Covent Garden.

THE CHANDOS CLASSICS—No. 2.
In crown 8vo, cut edges, 640 pp; postage 4d.
WARNE'S SHILLING LONGFELLOW.
Large type edition, containing all the recent poems, including "Flower de Luce," "Cantos from Dante," &c.
"No greater compliment has been rendered to Mr. Longfellow than this issue of his complete poems for One Shilling."—*Builder.*
FREDERICK WARNE & Co., Bedford-street, Covent Garden.

Now ready, in 1 vol., price 10s. 6d.
ON THE SPORTS AND PURSUITS OF THE ENGLISH AS BEARING UPON THEIR NATIONAL CHARACTER. By the Right Hon. the Earl of WILTON.
HARRISON, 59, Pall Mall, London, Booksellers to Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

In 5 Vols., fcap. 8vo, 5s. each. Now and Uniform Edition of
THE POETICAL WORKS OF MR. ROBERT BROWNING.
Now ready.
Vol. 1.—Pauline—Paracelsus—Strafford.
Vol. 2.—Sordello—Pippa Passes.
Vol. 3.—King Victor and King Charles—Dramatic Lyrics—The Return of the Druses.
Vol. 4.—A Blot in the 'Scutcheon—Colombe's Birthday—Dramatic Romances.
Vol. 5.—A Soul's Tragedy—Luria—Christmas Eve and Easter Day—Men and Women.
On August 1st,
Vol. 6.—In a Balcony—Dramatis Personæ.
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65, Cornhill, London.

DAVENPORTS GUIDES.
32 pages, illustrated. Price Twopence.
HOLLINGWORTH LAKE GUIDE.
16 pages. Price One Penny.
VISITORS' HANDBOOK TO HOLLINGWORTH LAKE AND BLACKSTONE EDGE.
Three Steel Engravings, 32 pages. Price Threepence.
GUIDE TO CLEETHORPES & Visitors' Hand-book to GREAT GRIMSBY, with a description of THORNTON ABBEY and BARTON-UPON-HUMBER.
Price One Penny.
GUIDE TO CLEETHORPES & Visitors' Hand-book to GREAT GRIMSBY, with a description of the CELEBRATED DOCKS.
JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate, Manchester.

WORKS BY JOSEPH JOHNSON, MANCHESTER.
Price 3s. 6d.
LIVING TO PURPOSE; OR MAKING THE BEST OF LIFE.
NELSON & SON, London & Edinburgh.
Price 3s. 6d.
LIVING IN EARNEST. Companion Volume. NELSON & SON, London & Edinburgh.
Price 5s.
INTERVIEWS OF GREAT MEN.
VIRTUE & Co., London.
Price 6s.
POPULAR PREACHERS OF OUR TIME. CASSEL, PETTER & GALPIN, London.
Price 2s. 6d.
TESTIMONY OF SCEPTICS TO THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.
DARTON & Co., London.
Price 3s. 6d.
FAMOUS BOYS.
DARTON & Co. London.
Price 3s. 6d.
CLEVER BOYS
DARTON & Co., London.
Price 3s. 6d.
HEROINES OF OUR TIME.
DARTON & Co., London.
In the Press.
WILLING HEARTS AND READY HANDS.

BOOKS, &c.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS, COINS, &c.
Now ready. One penny, by post, twopence. Copper Coinage of Great Britain and Colonies, with Illustrations. No. 1, vol. 1, price 2s. by post 2s., 1d. D. B. T. Batty, 9, Fennel Street, Manchester.

FINE ARTS, &c.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.
Bourne and Shepherd's Photographs of India. Bedford's Photographs of the East. Soulier's Photographs of Switzerland, Paris, and Rome. England's Photographs of Switzerland and the Rhyne. Photographs of Naples, Pompeii, Florence, and other places. Five hundred Photographs taken direct from the pictures in the Royal Museum at Madrid, and many others now on view at MARION & Co., Soho Square, London. Admission and Catalogue free. 260,000 Carte Portraits always in stock.

MUSIC.

Price 2d. each.
CHANT CARDS, for Choir and Congregation. London: NOVELLO. Preston: CLARKE
Price, folio score, 1s.; separate parts, 6d.
New Madrigalian Part-Song, for S. A. T. B.
"IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS."
By SAMUEL REAY.
London: NOVELLO, EWER, & Co., 1, Berners Street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE IRWELL DINING HALL,
33 AND 35, LONDON ROAD.
Dining off the Joint, Pudding and Vegetables included, for 6d. each—Try it.

PUBLIC NOTICE.
THE GREAT CLEARANCE SALE
BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,
AT BEECH'S GLASS AND CHINA WAREHOUSE,
63A STRETFORD ROAD,
CONSISTING OF
CHINA, TEA, AND BREAKFAST SERVICES,
DINNER SERVICES,
TOILET SERVICES;
FRENCH BRONZES, AND MARBLE TIMEPIECES,
IN SUITS FOR DINING ROOMS;
GILT TIMEPIECES, LUSTRES;
FRENCH AND ENGLISH STATUARY
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Immense Stock of Fine Cut Table Glass, and all kinds of Kitchen Ware.
Everything Reduced on account of the depression in trade.
GEORGE BEECH, PROPRIETOR,
63A STRETFORD ROAD.

VISITORS TO THE ISLE-OF-MAN
ARE REMINDED THAT
MR. THOMAS COUPE'S
GROCERY ESTABLISHMENT
IS IN
STRAND STREET, DOUGLAS,
WHERE MAY BE HAD THE
GENUINE "MONA BOUQUET,"
A neat, fragrant, and in all respects suitable article for Presentation.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.
WM. SUMMERSCALES & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PATENT WASHING,
WRINGING AND MANGLING MACHINES,
33, CORPORATION STREET,
Manchester.
REPRESENTED BY MR. J. WHITFIELD.

The largely increasing demand for the machines of this firm, sufficiently proves that they recommend themselves. Monthly sale upwards of 1,200, and gradually increasing. Particular attention called to their Dash Wheel Machines of all sizes. These Machines obtained the Prize Medal from the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1862. Such is their efficiency that they meet with unqualified praise wherever sent. Servants get through their washing in half the time formerly occupied, besides a very great saving in soap, fuel and labour.

NEW STATIONERY ESTABLISHMENT,

84, MARKET STREET,

(FIVE DOORS FROM SPRING GARDENS,)

MANCHESTER.

WORKS, 35, SPRING GARDENS.

SAMUEL M. STRONG,

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER,

ENGRAVER, LITHOGRAPHER, LETTER-PRESS PRINTER,

AND COMMERCIAL STATIONER.

THE ABOVE ESTABLISHMENT HAS BEEN OPENED WITH A WELL-ASSORTED STOCK OF

ACCOUNT BOOKS,

OF THE CURRENT PATTERNS, IN VARIOUS QUALITIES, INCLUDING

GUARD BOOKS, DEPARTMENT BOOKS, WITH THICK AND THIN LEAVES FOR CARBONIC PAPERS;

Letter Copying Books, &c.;

INLAND AND FOREIGN WRITING PAPERS AND ENVELOPES;

WHITE, BUFF, LILAC, PINK, &c., BLOTTINGS;

COPYING MACHINES AND STANDS;

MORDAN'S PENCILS AND GOLD PENS;

INKS BY THE VARIOUS MAKERS, ARNOLD, STEPHENS, COCHRAN, LYONS, &c.;

Wood, Metal, Pewter, and Glass Inkstands;

STATIONERY CABINETS, INVOICE RACKS, LETTER SCALES,

STEEL AND QUILL PENS, POCKET BOOKS, METALLIC ORDER BOOKS,

TOGETHER WITH A LARGE SELECTION OF ARTICLES FOR COUNTING HOUSE AND OFFICE USE.

Especial attention will be given to the execution of all orders, so as best to ensure accuracy, despatch, excellence of material and workmanship, together with economy of price.

ESTIMATES GIVEN.—CONTRACTS MADE.

PRICES CURRENT, MARKET REPORTS, CLUB RULES, &c.

THE NEW DENTIFRICE.

SOUND AND WHITE TEETH.

HAMPSON'S FLUODENTINE

Or Liquid Dentifrice for thoroughly Cleansing and Preserving the Teeth.

This elegant preparation entirely supersedes the use of ordinary Tooth Powders and Pastes, the majority of which are crude, gritty, mineral compounds, containing ingredients which *whiten the teeth at the expense of the enamel, and are the cause instead of the preventives of decay.*

The FLUODENTINE *is pronounced the most perfect Dentifrice yet submitted to the public.* It keeps the Teeth *perfectly clean and white*, and being ALKALINE, neutralises acidity; it hardens and allays all irritation of the gums, corrects fœtid breath, and has a tendency to whiten Teeth already discoloured by decay. *In use it is exceedingly pleasant, and imparts a refreshing sense of coolness and cleanliness in the mouth peculiar to itself.*

Important Testimonial from Dr. Hassall, the noted authority on the Adulteration of Food, &c., &c.

The Analytical Sanitary Institution, 11, Charles street, Manchester square, London, October 1st, 1867.

Report upon Hampson's Fluodentine or Liquid Dentifrice.

"I have carefully tested the Preparation to which Mr. Hampson has given the name of '*Fluodentine or Liquid Dentifrice.*'

"I find that its cleansing properties are very considerable; that when employed according to the directions given, the ingredients of which it is composed are not injurious to the teeth, while its fluid form renders its use more convenient and agreeable than the majority of solid Dentifrices, the action of which in most cases is merely mechanical.

ARTHUR H. HASSALL, M.D., LONDON.

Manufactured Solely by R. HAMPSON, (late Pyne,) Pharmaceutical Chemist, 63, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

Sold in bottles at 1s. 6d. and 3s., or double size, 5s. each, by Chemists and Perfumers generally.

GOOD TOBACCO IS A REAL LUXURY.

LAMB'S New "NUT BROWN" at 3d. per ounce is good.

20, INDIA BUILDINGS, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE "IMOGEN" CIGARS.—S. LAMB, 20, India Buildings, Cross street, has just paid duty on the last remaining case of this famous consignment. They have been three years in bond. Price 21s. per hundred. Sample dozen free by post for 39 stamps.

JAMES LOWE,

15, 17, & 19, OLDHAM-STREET, NEAR PICCADILLY.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' and Childrens' Underclothing and Baby Linen in great variety. Infants' Embroidered Muslin Robes, from 4s. 11d. to 4 guineas. Infants' Hats, Hoods, and Bonnets, from 1s. 11d to 18s. 6d. Ladies' White Tucked Skirts, from 2s. 11d. to 10s. 6d. Ladies' Embroidered Tucked Skirts, from 5s. 6d. to 3 guineas. A large parcel of richly Embroidered Muslin Bodices, all at 4s. 11d. & 5s. 11d., greatly under value. An extensive assortment of fine Maderia Edgings, Scallops, and Insertions.

JAMES LOWE, 15, 17, and 19, OLDHAM STREET, near PICCADILLLY.

NATHANIEL GOULD & COMPANY.

TRY OUR

GREAT STRENGTH! **ASSAM TEA** **2/6** **ASSAM TEA** FINE FLAVOUR!

PER POUND.

3, MARKET PLACE,
177, OXFORD STREET,
60, OLDHAM STREET, and
260, DEANSGATE.

THE MOST
ECONOMICAL TEA
FOR FAMILY USE.

THE "FLORENCE"

LOCKSTITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST.

THEY WILL HEM, FELL, TUCK, CORD, BRAID, BIND, QUILT, GATHER, AND SEW ON A BAND AT THE SAME TIME.

THEY MAKE FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES, and have many advantages possessed by no other Machines, including the REVERSIBLE FEED, for fastening off the ends of seams without removing the work from the Machine.

PROSPECTUSES AND SAMPLES FREE.

19 & 21, BLACKFRIARS STREET, CORNER OF DEANSGATE.

RECTORS AND CURATES.

SUPPOSING any ordinary man of ordinary capacity to be asked "What are the three orders of ministers in the Church of England?" his first and most natural impulse would be to answer "Bishops, Rectors, and Curates." Perhaps, on second thoughts, and with a dawning recollection of his prayer-book, he would correct himself and say "Bishops, Priests, and Deacons," which would be the orthodox reply; but his first answer would represent the popular notion of church titles and distinctions. The bishop is, of course, "the Bishop" all the world over,—a stately vision of broad brimmed hat, silk apron, and cloth gaiters, or—inside the church doors—of big lawn sleeves and black silk gown; very grand, very dignified and very unreal; a rare and extraordinary spectacle, associated with confirmations, consecrations, and ordinations, and occasionally exposed to public view at religious meetings. With common every-day parochial life he has as little to do as the Pope, and is almost as rarely seen. Were it to be otherwise, and the episcopal gaiters were to be constantly viewed associating with inferior clerical trousers, along plebeian streets, and amidst ordinary duties, we tremble to think how the mysterious halo of dignity which surrounds "the Bishop" might fade into thin air. Indeed, one cannot be too cautious about vulgarizing their Lordships. Not long ago, in a church we occasionally attend, a bishop was advertised to preach—of course for a charitable object—Who would not utilize a bishop's sermon? He was only a colonial bishop with but a handful of clergymen in his distant diocese, a log hut, very probably, for his palace, and only a hundred a year for every thousand enjoyed by our bishops at home. Still in his robes he would have passed muster as well as my Lord of Manchester himself. Unfortunately the robes were missing! Owing to an unlucky accident they had been forgotten! What was to be done? It only wanted a few minutes to the time of service. The unfortunate bishop had, perforce, to put on the ordinary vestments of an ordinary parson. He appeared in the rector's surplice and hood, and ——well, and the collection was a very poor one. It had been announced (as he said) that the bishop would preach; he delivered by no means a bad sermon; he talked of "my diocese;" there could be no doubt in people's minds that it *was* the bishop who actually stood before them; but the lawn sleeves, the outward and visible signs of episcopacy, were wanting, and we verily believe the collection suffered in consequence.

No; there can be no mistake about the first order of ministers in the Church of England. But when we come lower down, to the "Priests" and "Deacons," then indeed we are a little at fault. Neither title is in common use. With regard to priests the clergy have not yet decided upon the exact meaning of the word, or in what sense it is to be understood. "High," say one thing, "Low," another; and laymen are confused. Practically, the title is obsolete, and handed over to the special use of the Roman Catholic community. It rises up occasionally in notices of ordinations; it is used now and again from the pulpit as a little relief from the terms "Clergyman" and "Minister," but in every-day life and conversation the title is extinct. "Where does the priest of this parish reside?" would scarcely elicit the desired information, except in a few isolated and very ritualistic districts.

Then, as to the deacon, he is almost as rare a being as the bishop, and with far less distinct personality about him. Occasionally a congregation are told that their new curate is coming direct from ordination. He arrives—young, fresh-looking, nervous, and not over brilliant either as reader or preacher; but, except that he does not pronounce the absolution, and only takes a small part of the communion office, there is no perceptible difference between him and a curate in full orders. No one would think of speaking of him as "The Deacon of the Church." We must not forget, however, that, in these days of clerical millinery, and new fashions, the deacons occasionally wear their stoles, or scarves, only on one shoulder, or discard them altogether. We like to be precise, and therefore record the fact; but it would require far more than this, or any other distinction which at present exists in the English Church, to render the deacon a being *sui generis*, and different from other clergymen. At the end of twelve months, too, he goes in for priest's orders, and there is an end to him. "Bishop, Rector, and Curate," therefore, if you please! We have had our say about "the Bishop" already; now for "Rector" and "Curate."

In speaking of rectors, we mean all beneficed clergymen, whether styled rector, vicar, or incumbent. They each have a parish and a church; they each have a living (professedly, at least, for to get a *living* ont of a living is not always an easy matter). They are in many respects the only legally recognised clergy of the Church of England. The curate has precisely the same ordinations, the same spiritual functions, and when appointed as assistant by any rector, and licensed by the bishop, has as much right to minister in the rector's church as the rector himself. He is, moreover, supposed to have the same social standing, and, in fact, to be a fellow-labourer with the rector, not a servant or subordinate. All this sounds very well, but—and there are several most important facts in the matter.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the curate has no legal status whatever. He gets his licence to preach and minister from the bishop, and this licence the bishop has the power to withdraw at a moment's notice, and *without assigning any reason at all*. The only appeal is to the archbishop, who, after referring to the bishop, may, and probably will, send the petitioner away unsatisfied as before. Then, as regards his rector, the curate is really the hired servant, whose "service is no inheritance." He is paid certain wages for doing a certain portion (often the lion's share) of the rector's work for him; but it is the rector's work from beginning to end. The rector is the factotum, the head, the all in all. Whatever is achieved in the parish is practically, and in the long run, added up to the rector's credit. It is unavoidable that it should be so. The rector is the only man legally responsible to bishop and church for the work of the parish. What matters it, whether he perform this work with his own hand and mouth, or vicariously through his cuarte,—it is his own work still, and to him ultimately comes the censure or praise. If he can afford to keep a curate, well and good, but the curate is merged in the rector, and his very existence may, officially speaking, be said to end with the clergyman who is for the time his employer. The right to vote is the great test of citizenship, the great proof of political existence. What is the curate's position as regards the ecclesiastical parliament,—that most useful (?) assembly called convocation? He has no vote whatever. The members are called proctors, and two proctors are elected from each diocese—elected simply by the votes of the rectors and vicars. The curate, though he may be grey-headed, is passed over. No vote is given him. He may claim the sympathy of Mr. Beales, and Miss Lydia Becker. He has no ecclesiastical existence. Only a short time ago, a proposal was made in convocation, that curates of a certain age, or after a certain number of years' service should be allowed to vote. The august assembly said no. Reform and ruin! A curate with a vote—the church in danger! To use a vote, the curate must think and act independently, and what right has a curate to independence at all? He is simply an *alter ego* for his rector. As well permit Mrs. Jones to vote along with her lord and master!—And then fancy if he voted against his rector's side! Horrible, inconceivable idea! And so the matter rested, and rests still.

For two years after entering the ministry, the young clergyman must necessarily be a curate—an assistant to some rector or vicar. Quite right, too. It is short enough time, in all conscience, for a man to learn his work; and it would not be right that a parish should be placed under the charge of an inexperienced novice who had had no training in that most important of all important works—the cure of souls. Unfortunate it is that so many scions of wealthy houses take orders and a living almost at the same time—are ordained for the express purpose of holding a family living, which very probably has been kept warm for them by some poor clerical brother, who, for a few years' increased stipend, is willing to act as *locum tenens*, rector pro tem—giving up the living as soon as the rightful owner has completed the necessary two years of curateship. Four or five years' work as curate, under a wise and experienced rector, is not only good, but, we should say, as a general rule, necessary preparation for the right management of a parish. But, alas! the four or five years, often enough, become fourteen or fifteen, and still the curate plods on, without money or interest, proving the truth of the old adage, that "Virtue is its own reward, a little too literally. A society was formed some time ago, to increase the income of those curates who have been working for fifteen years, or upwards, on £100 a year. Somewhere about five hundred such unfortunates, it appears, exist in the English Church at the present moment. Bearing in mind that most of them have received an university education, and that all of them hold the position of gentlemen, and are expected to

keep up that position, well may we wish the society God speed, and, at the same time, blush for the system which requires such a work of charity.

There is no man who more needs social home comforts than a curate, especially in a large town parish. Working up and down dirty streets, amidst sights and smells which weary both body and mind alike, what wonder that he yearns for home pleasures and companionship. And so he marries, and has children! It is astonishing what a perfect grove of olive branches cluster round the poor clergyman's table. God help him! "He cannot dig—to beg he is ashamed." Our heart is full when we think of him. Let our readers, however, remember that sympathy to be real, must be practical, and that private help, delicately and nicely given, will be of more avail than folios of words, or the highest flights of indignant commiseration.

A great deal of what has been said has a two-fold application. The poor rector is as badly off as the poor curate—nay, in some respects, worse, for he has more calls upon his purse, and a great deal more responsibility. The curate on £100 a year is a richer man than the rector, whose living (!) is £130 or £140. We are afraid to say how many livings there are of annual value under £100! while, as to those of values ranging from £100 to £300, their name is legion. Few town parishes are of greater value than the last-named sum; and, very probably, the rector has himself to pay no inconsiderable part of his curate's stipend (begging the rest), besides having to head nearly every charitable list in the parish. Poor fellow! where is his yearly and much needed trip to Southport or Blackpool, with wife and little ones, to come from?

But then he has his £300 a year, settled and secured to him. His curate can only be certain of his money as it comes to him, quarter by quarter. He may have a six* months' notice given him at any time; or, should his rector die, or obtain another living, the new rector may quietly dispense with his services, after a notice of six weeks only. We ourselves have known a case where a man was removed in this way, after working a new district and school for three years, and after having been mainly instrumental in the erection of a church, of which, in a few months, he would have been the independent rector. The rector of the parish out of which the new district was to be taken died; his successor used his privilege, and the hard working curate—the all but rector—had six weeks' notice given him to clear out, and begone!

APROPOS OF THE WEATHER.

MORE than three months of dry, scorching weather, with scarcely a sprinkle from Nature's water-carts to lay the dust; the thermometer up to Himalayan heights, and standing over 90° in the shade; the tropics shifting their quarters, testing British hospitality (not to say constitutions), and bringing with them their lively friend, the mosquito; sunstrokes, fevers, and cholera hovering over country-lane and town-alley; weekly death-lists rising, with the thermometer, that of Manchester, in particular, chief among the chiefest; elderly gentlemen, of portly habit and usually staid demeanour, reduced to the verge of lunacy, and astonishing themselves and the world generally by straw hats, loose neck-cloths, and suits of most unbusiness-like colour and shape; white umbrellas and *puggarees* actually to be seen, with the naked eye, in some of the suburbs of Cottonopolis! This was the state of things down to the first week of August, 1868—this *has* been the state of things since April. It is no mere conventional exaggeration to talk about the heat being tropical. Literally and really, the thermometer has stood, on several occasions lately, at a height which would not disgrace Calcutta. But, apart from this, it must be remembered that heat here and heat in India are two very different things. In the East you are prepared for warmth, and act, dress, and live accordingly. Polished wooden floors, with only a little fine grass matting here and there; walls all window and blind, and further shaded by broad verandahs; punkah-wallahs fanning you and the room together; a troop of watchful servants to relieve you from all exertion; your whole life regulated to suit the climate; your ride or morning parade over before your friends in England have begun to dress; your loose white coat, felt helmet, puggaree, and clothing, generally, just adapted for comfort, and yet quite *comme il faut*. It is a simple fact that 150° in India may be better borne than 100° at home. Here, a high temperature is the exception, not the rule; and as it is the custom of our nation never to prepare for exceptional emergencies (a truth of general and, oftentimes, fatal application), so, when heat does come, there is nothing to make it bearable, or to ward it off. Brick and stone reflect the glare; narrow, unshaded windows let in as much warmth as air; tight-fitting respectable garments become instruments of torture; and old East Indians declare they never before suffered so much from the climate, even in Ramchowchuddee, or any other unpronounceable place where the thermometer habitually stands at heights terrific to think of.

An English town is the worst place in the world to be hot in. Go across the Channel, and look at our French neighbours, with their tree-lined boulevards, their open cafés, their thousand-and-one arrangements to catch and keep all the coolness, shade, and green possible! Look at the avenues and flower-beds of the Champs Elysées, the splashing fountains and cool shades of the Tuileries' gardens, the tree or awning-shaded seats of the Palais Royal or Boulevard des Italiens! Look at almost every provincial French town—it is Paris in miniature, with its boulevards and cafés, and all sorts of ingenious contrivances for shelter and comfort. And then—oh, dear! oh, dear!—think of Albert Square and the space in front of the Infirmary, or of Ardwick Green, with its miracle of landscape gardening in the centre!—think, and shudder!

But we have our parks. Yes, and very good ones too, and very pleasant for those who have leisure to stroll into them—nursery-girls and children, country folk, and men who are "playing theirsels," for want of work—very useful in the evening and on holidays, for all who will take the trouble to walk to them; but for the working-man of every rank and grade, a few trees, a little shade, an open green spot or two, in his daily path to and from business, or within a minute's walk from his office, would be of infinitely greater value—an un-English and utopian idea, no doubt, but one which, nevertheless, has taken firm possession of our mind, especially just now, when everlasting pavement, baking and red-hot, has driven us nearly mad. And, speaking of parks, we have another idea—a pet theory, not exactly of our own creation—that a few green spaces (or if not exactly green, no matter) dotted here and there among our large and populous suburbs, in the very midst of our poor, where the children could fly their kites, instead of quarrelling in the gutter, and where the young men could play at cricket, instead of lounging about the public-house doors—that these would be of greater benefit to our city than great show-places like Peel Park. They would do the work of lungs to over-built and over-crowded districts like Ancoats and Hulme. Utopian again! Not at all. There is such a lung in existence now, but fast being built over. We refer to Cornbrook Park, dear to the youth of Chester and City Roads, and the little streets lying between the two—an open green space (really green), quite big enough for half-a-dozen cricket clubs (with moderate ideas), and a score of kites besides—a place close at hand to many a home where the parents and elder children have no time or inclination to walk a couple of miles in search of amusement. Our city rulers have for a long time promised a park to Hulme and Chorlton-on-Medlock. The site they have chosen is at Moss Side, admirably situated for Greenheys, Brooks's Bar, Whalley Range, and the district about Upper Moss Lane—a great boon, no doubt, to scores of householders, of from £30 to £40 rental, who reside in the immediate neighbourhood; but as to the Chorlton and Hulme poor, by whom the park is most needed, and for whom, surely, it is specially intended, it will be scarcely of more use than any one of the three parks already in existence. Fancy a striker or a weaver, after ten hours' work, taking his wife and family a two-miles' walk, in this sort of weather, to a park, which they will have scarcely entered before it is time for them to return home! Such lungs as this at Cornbrook would be of real practical every-day use—especially if lined with a few trees and summer-houses—and we humbly commend the notion to the Mayor and Corporation. But wait!—we forgot—there would be nothing dignified or grand in such a scheme; no statues or inaugurations, no museum or gallery of civic portraits, no place for soirées or speeches—only a working man's own peculiar lung, an idea utterly beneath the notice of the Mayor's parlour. *Peccavimus!*

But, oh! if our readers could but accompany us into some of the

* If he gives notice himself, it need only be three months; so, in this respect, the curate has the best of it.

narrow streets and courts in that same district of Hulme, where the heat stagnates and festers, and calls up sickening smells—where men, women, and children breathe impure air at all times, but deadly poison at this hot season—they would understand our grief at seeing such a lung as Cornbrook Park being built over and choked. Houses back-and-back, without any back-door or yard; houses, so to speak, let down into the very midst of other houses; courts reached by narrow archways, and with just a perpendicular view of the sky, obtained by nearly dislocating one's neck to look upwards; drains emitting foul odours; common middens, *et hoc genus omne*, outraging decency. Children, in perfect shoals, growing up in a manner inexplicable, unless, like pigs, they thrive best in dirt. A park at Moss Side! Why not at Cheadle? "How can the people starve, when there are such nice cakes for a penny?" Poor innocent Marie Antoinette! Poor innocent Parks' Committee!

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

HAVING disposed of the *Times*, we are now at liberty to turn our attention to some real newspaper, with life in it; and coming to the consideration of such, the first that presents itself to one's mind, for criticism, is the one which has the "largest circulation in the world." That the *Daily Telegraph* has the "largest circulation in the world," he who runs may read—at least, he who runs in London may; only nobody runs in London: when they are in a hurry there, they take a hansom. However, he who walks or rides may read the fact on every bit of boarding in the metropolis and its suburbs. On the right hand and on the left, ubiquitous intelligence greets one. The most conspicuous house-sides and the most retiring back-walls are alike engaged in the dissemination of this useful information and—yes—amusement. For it is very amusing. The ingenuity with which the intelligence darts upon one, when one least expects it, is exceedingly diverting. Last Derby Day, when we were placidly proceeding to Epsom, the blue information suddenly shot out from one side of the green road, and hung above us. When one has got lost in some of the ramifications of the great city, it appears like an old friend and soothes one's agitation. The railway-stations, up and down the line, also seize every opportunity to repeat the hackneyed story; and for fear one may possibly have missed it in the London streets, din it into one, all one's way home. But the precaution is unnecessary: the first and last impressions that London gives one are the same—namely, that the *Daily Telegraph* has the "largest circulation in the world." Not content with this, all its contemporaries seem to think it incumbent upon them to advertise the fact, and in their editorial columns. As a candle is attractive to a moth, so is this announcement to every other newspaper in London. They flutter round it incessantly. They gather about it in all sorts of moods—jovial, bantering, indignant, savage, spiteful, and jealous—they cannot keep away from it. It is the bugbear of their lives. They cannot walk in the streets without encountering it. It dogs their steps. Wherever they go, it is flung in their face. It has a worse effect upon them than a red rag has upon a bull. What is a red rag to a rival's triumph? What is a rival's triumph to the triumph of one whom we think one's inferior? It maddens them. They cannot contain themselves; and, what exasperates them most, they dare not deny it. All they can do is sit down and abuse the *Daily Telegraph*. This they do—with a will. They call it "sensational," "blatant," "bombastic," "grandiloquent,"—they crack feeble jokes about its "young men," and "Lemprière's Classical Dictionary"—and evidently imagine they have pulverised it, when all that they have done is, shown their own uncharity and jealousy.

The *Daily Telegraph* is as unpopular amongst writers as it is popular amongst readers. No peruser of the papers of the day can fail to be struck by the coldness and dislike with which it is treated by its contemporaries. They sneer at its successes, and are secretly gratified when some Risk Allah manages to get it mulcted in a few pounds damages. It is usually difficult to fathom motives; but, in this case, they are obvious; and the rest of London papers would show both better taste and better sense, if they confined their strictures to these occasions when their bugbear deserved them. It is the fashion, amongst a certain section of readers also, to consider the *Telegraph* a "vulgar" paper. Ourselves once scandalised a genteel waiter, in a London coffee-room, by asking for it. In fact, we doubt whether, upon the whole, it is thought half so much of in London as it is in the provinces. At least, by most cockney nobodies who think themselves somebodies—a very large class—the *Telegraph* is shirked. And, to speak truth, it is very—cheap. Indeed, it ought to be ashamed of itself, to give so much good writing for a penny. One really gets one's money's worth—which is decidedly low.

But the *Daily Telegraph* is amply compensated for the unfriendliness of the press and the neglect of snobbish cockneys by the enormous popularity and influence which it possesses in the country. Out of London, it is the paper of papers. Genuine and thoughtful men admire and value it, who would not read the *Times*—except to scorn it—and would look upon the pretty *Pall Mall* as a toy. It is very easy to write it down "blatant," but the body of the men who read it are not blatant men; and that is the best test to judge by. It may use high-flown language on occasion; it may abound in metaphor; it may grow turgid in its composition, now and then; and it may pepper up with Lemprière, but behind high-flown language, metaphor, turgidity, and Lemprière, there is a fire and a spirit for which one looks in vain in its traducers. We acknowledge they avoid what they censure; granted, they have no faults—of this sort—still, they have no merits. Unable to write good articles without meretricious adornments, they cast the adornments aside, and give us weak, insipid, colourless remarks, which there is neither pleasure nor profit in perusing. If they cannot write strong sense in a pure style, for goodness' sake, let them write it in an impure style. They will not; and we doubt whether they could, if they would. The turgid articles they despise are as superior to their flat own as they imagine them inferior—and that is making a very strong assertion. To excel, virtues must be imitated, as well as vices avoided. One paper, like one man, may have fewer faults than another, and yet be the worse of the two. It is so with this paper and its assailants. Several others have fewer faults, yet are not near as good. On the *Daily Telegraph* there is genius. We cannot say the same of any other paper. Its vices are no answer to the contrary; it is notorious that genius has more faults than mediocrity. Nay, when one looks closer at the faults of the *Telegraph*, one sees that there is genius even in them. They are the faults of genius—of over-luxuriance. The critics who censure them could not commit them. The sentences they object to they could not write, if they tried.

But be the style of the *Daily Telegraph* a pure or an impure style, it is a readable one—which is more than can be said of a good many others. If its articles are bad writing, they are uncommonly good reading. One does not go to sleep over them; and they are infinitely preferable to the washed-out composition of those who mistake dulness for purity of style. We care not whether they are composed with the aid of Lemprière or not. It does not matter to us how they are composed. They *are* composed, that is enough. One does not ask whether *In Memoriam* was written with the aid of a rhyming *Thesaurus*. Nay, if a man can get all he wants out of mythology, without the trouble of committing its heathen anecdotes to memory, he is a very sensible fellow. Leader-writers are not like boys crammed up for an examination; yet those of the *Daily Telegraph* are treated by its censors as though they were. The other papers cry out, "That's not fair! You've got some memoranda written on your finger-nails." As if it mattered one iota! A leader is composed to be read, and not to test its author's learning. It is only at school means matter. In real life, results alone are of importance. So that the work is done, it does not matter how. A classical dictionary is as legitimate an aid as an English one; but, perhaps, the *Telegraph's* abusers think the latter, also, an illegitimate assistance. That a many of them think an English grammar is, their composition proves. We confess the paper under notice makes too frequent use of Lemprière; but if we thought the jealousy that sneers at it could, by using it, produce any of the effects occasionally produced by the paper they ridicule, we should advise them to invest in the last edition with all speed—but, for obvious reasons, we don't.

A distinctive feature about the *Daily Telegraph* is the extent to which it carries the Special Commissioner business—we had almost said, the Special Commissioner nuisance. In addition to three or four long, and three or more short, leading articles on the topics of the day, it generally gives at least two or three columns of descriptive writing. Sometimes the two front pages are one mass of leaded type. That some one wades through these enormous lucubrations, is inevitable, else they would not be inserted. But it always seems to us astonishing how any man of

this century can find time to read them. They are very clever. They are picturesquely written. But they are only talk, after all; and we cannot bring ourselves to think that the columns of a newspaper are the proper place to talk in. However, each one to his taste. Somebody reads them, or nobody would write them. For ourselves, we hold to the belief that the Special Commissioner is over-worked.

Another remarkable feature of the *Daily Telegraph* is "Foreign Intelligence—France." All Paris Correspondents are more or less vivacious—always, excepting the eminently respectable party who communicates lugubrious information about the "Bourse" to the *Times* newspaper; but the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* is the most vivacious of all. The inexhaustible power of chattering which he possesses is something wonderful. The garrulity which can compose three-quarters of a column of amusing gossip every day, is ability of no common order. He has a delightful knack of inventing or appropriating anecdotes, and feigning the events narrated in them have just happened, and that it his duty to report them. He chats about the Emperor and the Tuileries with fascinating familiarity—fascinating, because so transparently false. He has a marvellous power of describing balls and "receptions," at which he most ludicrously professes to have "assisted." He alludes to his card-salver's contents with such aristocratic nonchalance, and treats us to such charming bits of scandal about M. Emile——, or Mdlle. P——, or le Marquis de B——, that one can almost imagine the *Town and Country Magazine* has come to life again. This gentleman has his faults, but he has lately been considerably mauled by certain of his contemporaries, and he has had the good sense to profit by their criticisms. Now that the "Ladies of the Lake" are banished from his published contemplations, there is nothing but charm in his gossip. In a word, his letters are as entertaining as his dramas are not.

The *Daily Telegraph* also has upon its staff a sporting gentleman, who, on the eve of all great races, prophesies the winners quite as ncorrectly as the best of his fraternity; and a dramatic critic of so ingenious a mind, that he constructs his sentences upon the model of labyrinths. The ability with which he gets into the most apparently inextricable verbal messes is only excelled by the ability with which he gets out of them. Unfortunately, his readers are not so clever as himself, and they sometimes get hopelessly lost; but when one does arrive at the end of one of his sentences, and feels that one actually has a slight conception of its meaning, one's self-satisfaction amply repays one for one's labour. One feels raised in one's own estimation; one treads the ground with a firmer step, and orders the laundress to put a little more starch in one's collars. For a lucid account of a long plot, he may be relied upon; but his criticism, like all London dramatic criticism, is too anxious to do its duty by the performers, to do its duty by the public.

For the rest, the *Daily Telegraph* is much the same as other papers, except that the number of its advertisements—into the character of which it does not make too strict inquiry—renders its readable matter less copious than that of some other journals. But the absence of a multitude of little paragraphs is atoned for by the excellence of its longer articles. Nobody who possesses a conscience can say that it is not worth its price; and nobody whose judgment is not warped by political prejudice can doubt that it merits what itself persistently asserts, and its most virulent enemies cannot deny—the "largest circulation in the world."

Another Definition by a Crusty Bachelor.—Hookers-in: Marriageable Young Ladies.

Eligible Investment for Speculative Bachelors.—The *bonds* of matrimony.

I'd be a butter-fly; as the blue-bottle said when he fell into the churn.

The Manchester Chamber of Commerce.—The Royal Exchange.

A Friendly Solution.—Glasses round.

RAIN AT LAST.

The air is burning,
The glass steals higher,
And Sol flings fiercely
His gleams of fire;
No creature moves and
No faint wind sighs,
Humanity sickens
And nature dies.

The sun-flare darkens,
The clouds up creep,
And old Aquarius
Awakes from sleep;
And thicker and thicker
The clouds o'ercast
The vault of heaven—
There's rain at last!

Slowly and scarcely
At first, confest,
A long expected
And welcome guest;
Gathering stronger, and
Peppering fast,
Drops down on us
The rain at last!

Mortals tipple and
Mute fishes drink,
Old Nature soaks till
Her eylids wink;
All in gladness,
Forgetting the past,
Thank kind heaven
For rain at last!

ARDWICK GREEN.

THERE is little or nothing in common between Downing Street, London, the centre of the British Government, and Downing Street, London Road, the not very imposing approach to this town, betwixt Ardwick Green and Pump Street, Bank Top. The Metropolitan Downing Street is associated in the public mind with the Treasury, Prime Ministers, and Foreign Secretaries. It is the cynosure of ambitious politicians, and is gained by the storming of the Treasury benches in the House of Commons. Country deputations have been surprised, while holding interviews with the Minister of the day, at the very unpretending, we may almost say, the seediness of the old public offices in Downing Street. The approach to Ardwick Green has no such associations, and is chiefly identfied in our mind with Miss Butterworth's shop, which must have been there during the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and where, we believe, most excellent confectionary may be had to this day. We learn, from old authorities, that a century ago Ardwick was a detached hamlet, separated from Manchester by corn-fields. In the year 1741, the Chapel of Saint Thomas was founded, and, in the course of time, commodious and stately mansions were built round the Green, which, in the earlier part of the present century, were occupied by many of the leading families of the town. At that time most of the merchants, cotton spinners, and professional gentry of Manchester lived in Mosley Street, King Street, Piccadilly, and Quay Street, and to live in Ardwick, was to live in the country. Some twenty years since the Green—that is to say, the land which lay within the old wooden posts and chains—yielded to the influence of smoke and chemical vapours, and, in the general exodus which at that time took place, to such places as Bowdon, Alderley, and Prestwich, many of the old inhabitants left. Some of the proprietors, however, made a vigorous effort, and, at a considerable outlay, succeeded in restoring the Green into quite a pleasant spot, considering its proximity to Ancoats and other smoky regions. A handsome light iron railing was erected, the old pond was cleaned out and enlarged, and arrangements were made for a supply of pure water. The land was laid out in grass, shrubberies, and trees, all of which were carefully attended to. Swans and other water-fowl were introduced, and bred regularly each season. The enclosure was open to any family, on payment of a trifling annual sum, and passers-by regaled themselves by contemplating this green spot, situated among hot brick houses, by watching and feeding the water-fowl in summer, or looking at the skaters in the frosty days of winter. A year ago Ardwick Green was handed over to the Corporation, with the understanding that it was to be thrown open to the public, and kept in good order. And what is its present condition? It is little better than a wilderness, and presents the appearance of a deserted brick-croft, or a place where a rag-fair had just been held, or a vacated gipsy encampment. The pond has been filled up with all manner of rubbish, and many cart-loads of what seems to be a mixture of dust, broken earthenware, and chopped straw—a truly squalid desert, without a blade of grass on it, and the trees and shrubs are in a most dilapidated

state. The water-fowl, of course, are all gone; even the old dog of Alcibiades, which sat so long on his haunches, has disappeared. There is, indeed, the vast wilderness, but where is "the lodge, the boundless contiguity of shade," sighed for by the poet? During the day the place is given up to workmen, scattering the rubbish above alluded to, and to dirty children; and during the night the "grounds," as they are facetiously described on a painted board, signed "by order, Joseph Heron, Town Clerk," are the resort of predatory and disreputable Tom cats, making the night hideous with their cries.

Wide spaces within a city are absolutely necessary for the public health. It is only the few who can live at a distance, and living near one's place of business, has many advantages, both physical and moral—not the least of which is, that Paterfamilias is enabled to dine with his family, an advantage both to himself, and his wife and children. Some heads of families, who live at a distance, barely see their children above two or three times a week. For our own part, we think we should rather live in the top room of our place of business, as used frequently to be the case in days of old with Mahchester merchants, than live at a distance, whieh involved the necessity of railway travelling several times a day. At the present time Ardwick Green has no pretensions to the name of Green at all; not that we wish to be hypercritical, or desire that the name of the locality should be changed, when it loses the characteristics which gave rise to it. By all means, let us retain our Spring Gardens, our Angel Meadows, Mount Pleasants, and Paradise Rows. These old names are links of a past with the present age. Who would think, for instance, of altering Withy Grove, now identified with the indefatigable butchers, to Cheesemonger Lane or Bacon Street? Why, only the other day a lady friend of ours was so charmed with the name that she wished to reply to an advertisement in the newspaper, advertising a house to be let in Withy Grove, thinking, from the name, that it must be a pleasant, rural retreat. If the shades of the old Ardwick worthies, who so long resided there, are, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, "doomed for a certain term to walk the night," we wonder what must be their reflections, as they flit about that locality. But, "rest, rest, perturbed spirits!" We are informed that the Green is in a transition state, as Mr. Bazley profoundly remarked of this country, last Tuesday evening. Inspired by that man of refined taste, the Councillor for the Ward, the Corporation are determined to restore the place to all its pristine verdure and floral beauties. Let us hope this is correct; but we have our doubts that the verdure will be found to belong chiefly to the credulous ratepayers, and the floriculture to those flowers of speech which bloom so luxuriantly during the municipal contests of Ardwick Ward.

MOMUS ON 'CHANGE.

One day this week the Haymarket farce of Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw was performed on this stage, but not by the sellers and buyers of cloth who rejoice in those names. A dapper little gentleman descended from the gallery and leisurely walked down the room. The few subscribers present were observed, first to look curiously at the stranger, then a smile stole over their features, which was followed by a broad grin, but when a round of applause appeared imminent, the door was reached, and——exit Mr. Buckstone.

THE ROYAL ROAD.

Can it be that the "noble profession of arms" deadens all sensibility to suffering on the part of those practising it? If not, why do we continually hear of aristocratic subalterns, on their way to promotion, unfeelingly walking over the heads of their senior officers.

"I looks towards you and *bows;*" as the dog said, when it saw a beggar at the gate.

WHACKS' WORK.—Black eyes.

A SEASONABLE HINT.—A cool suggestion.

ON THE RIALTO.

II.

WE spoke, in our last article on this subject, of the great change in the moral tone of our Exchange, and if ever a Manchester Carlyle should seek farther to develop the *Clothes-Philosophy*, no more curious topic for his consideration could be presented to him, than the question as to how far this is owing to alterations in costume. At any rate, two things are certain: that the commercial code of honour on the Exchange has deteriorated, and that a liberty, almost approaching license in dress, has taken the place of the then almost unbroken uniformity of the subscribers' habiliments. Five and twenty years ago the Exchange was a very rookery for blackness. Black coats, black waistcoats, black trousers, black stocks or neck-ties; hardly a trace of colour could be seen. A surtout was admissible; but the swallow-tail was considered safer. Any member holding a situation might as well have robbed a till as have been seen in light breeches; and the most eminent merchant would not have presumed to cross its dingy threshold in a shooting coat. Here and there, a daring innovator might have been seen in a blue frock-coat and shepherd's plaid trousers, but he never got on, and he either subsided into black or left the boards. In the matter of neck-ties, a little more variety was accorded. If you were over fifty you might wear a white choker. And the Exchange was dotted with a bevy of white neck-cloth veterans, who looked a cross between a butler and a vicar, and precious old humbugs they were. Precise and respectable as the place was, we make no doubt that if any English member of it had made his appearance with a beard, he would have retired in a whirlwind of outraged conventionality by the way of the window. On the other hand, there was no such thing as a written contract; an enormous and unspeculative business was carried on by word of mouth; there was no cancelling, and the Statute of Frauds was unknown. There were sweeps then no doubt as now: but they either soon burst up, or they did their spiriting more gently; and they all also assumed a virtue, if they had it not. Now-a-days, all is changed. Men who ought to thank heaven if they had no character, so bad is the one they possess, are quite on a level with the best, and are treated with frank familiarity by men of unblemished reputation. And of late years it has been proved that almost every firm has its price at which liberal, honourable dealing breaks down. Whether that price be threepence per piece, or sixpence, or two-and-six, there is a price at which the best houses will wriggle out of a bad contract in a manner which twenty years ago would have turned the old black coat scarlet to have even contemplated. The Statute of Frauds has been again and again openly pleaded and threatened scores of times with due effect. But then, per contra, look at the liberty accorded in the line of clothes. You may wear what you will in the widest sense and take no ill of it. Every kind of collar is now permissible: and every colour of neckerchief, from sombre black to the most startling scarlet or vivid emerald. Every shade of trouser, from buff to blue: and every cut of coat, from the little skimpy spencer that so tantalisingly suggests childhood and the maternal palm, to a drab flimsy at seven shillings off the pegs. You can be strapped to bunting like our dear old Blumersrock, or wear a couple of bolster-cases by way of trousers, or woollen tights that shew the very veins of the leg and rather K shaped continuations, like the select and gentlemanly Dilly Tanty. Hair, too, may run wild. You can be as clean shaven as a Jesuit, or sport a saucy imperial or a jaunty little moustache, or display a pendant hay-cock of beard. In fact, you have every possible variety, from the dingy, broken-down, undertaker-looking man to the sixteen suits and ever varying cockatoo tints of the Count d'Orsay of the room, young Spoonbill. And in all and every case if you have no self-respect you will get on.

Whether it be that the utmost latitude in principles having got to be tolerated, it was felt that costume was a matter of indifference and might just as well be motley, or whether there is some subtle connection between clothes and character; whether when coat-tails are cut away honesty goes with them, and in proportion as its seat is exposed honour diminishes, and if wearing hair about his face makes a man downier;—these are questions we cannot settle ourselves. We have thrown out the hint and leave its following out to more philosophic minds.

Except during the period of High 'Change, and from ten to eleven,

and from four to five, on market days, our Rialto is not much used by the representatives of the staple trade of the district. It is then sparsely peopled with a miscellaneous assortment of individuals, some being altogether unconnected with any trade, and others following avocations which only indirectly bring them into connection with cotton. The retired tradesmen are an interesting study in themselves. They are to be found generally sitting with their backs to Ducie Street, in close proximity to the share list. Some are reputed to be more or less wealthy, and others to be in such a financial state as to make their continued existence somewhat of a marvel to their friends. But what is most painfully self-evident on a study of the faces of the former, is the fact that though they have abandoned commerce they have not been able to keep aloof from speculation. From legitimate trade which they understood and in which they made the competency on which they wisely retired, they have fallen into share speculations which they do not understand; and which expensive little amusement is very like billiard playing,—in the long run no one makes any money but the table-keeper. You see these subdued-looking old fogies sitting in a row, with a resigned and puzzled expression of face, until the Stock Exchange has fairly got to work, when in rush energetic representatives of that excitable place, and for a few minutes you hear in a whisper all the slang of the business, "Mets," "Callies," "Luxies," *et cetera*, and when they have flown away again, you can see at a glance that it is the old story, and that the bulls have a contango to pay, and the bears a backwardation, and that upon the whole the perplexed and bemuddled old gentleman wishes he was out of it. During the intervals when the stock-brokers leave them alone, such of these as are understood to be very wealthy are infested by a class of parasite which we may call the money-bug. This human insect takes a strange delight in getting as near as it can to a wealthy man. It does so from no distinct design upon his wealth. It knows that the hand that won the worshipped coin will never unclasp its grasp till death; and it knows that a single testamentary copper will never come its way: and yet the curious insect feels a strange pleasure in rubbing up against a great capitalist, and wherever you see such an one you will find him almost covered by the money-bug. If a misanthrope wanted to see human nature at its very basest, he might have gratified his cynical spirit to the full a few years ago, ere death removed old Ebenezer Scramble. He had been a reputedly wealthy man for half a century, and his one good point was that he *was* wealthy. His bad points were numerous: his appearance was shabby and mean; manners he had none; and when his conversation was not grumpily stupid it was grossly and incredibly coarse. This man was to the Exchange money-bug what a week-old carcase is to the tropical vulture. He saw two or three generations of them into the grave, and yet up to the very last fresh growths came round and fawned on him and asked affectionately after his health. They never expected a farthing from him: they knew he would not have lent them a five pound note to save them from being hanged, and yet they had an intense gratification in sniggering in his face, and absolutely simmered with delight if his Crœsusship unbent sufficiently to tell them an unsavoury story. When he retired, they transferred their homage to a much smaller millionaire, but a far better man, old Scraper; and incident to him a scene occurred that would almost make one imagine that the Ruler of the world indulged at times in bitter irony. On one given day, old Scraper sat by the share list and received for hours together the customary adulations of his worshippers. In the centre of the room at the same moment was Macswellton—the genteelest of the genteel—quietly and all untoadied pursuing his business. The next day it was reported that old Scraper was no more, and that he had not taken any of his many investments with him. And on the very day week, to the very hour at which the old man had last sat in his usual seat, on those very precise eighteen inches of leather, sat Macswellton, receiving the congratulations and the homage of an entirely new breed of money-bug. A portion of the golden mantle of old Scraper had fallen upon him. Such is the pleasing little bye-play in the drama of life on our Rialto.

Among the miscellanea of our Exchange none are more interesting as a study than those whom we have called the nose-flatteners. Go round the building outside for a week daily, and you will note the curious fact that at the same hours the same noses are against the same panes. A large section have always held by the windows commanding the late Ducie-place. These took a deep interest in the coming in and going out of Allsopp's kilderkins: they watched with the glance of a lynx the hampers of beer being hoisted up from Alderman Mackie's cellars, and they found a steady delight in calculating his profits and wishing they were theirs. A sharp eye was kept also on the door leading to the Stock Exchange, out of which darted the irrepressible "wirers" and "contangoers," like as from the mouth of a wasp's nest in fruit-time. They used to speculate on their respective businesses. Were the men who seemed all spasms, and were always rushing out or flying in, the money-makers at the legalised gaming-table: or was it the stolid fellow who was seen to go placidly in and never beheld to re-appear at all? Shrewd guesses these men could make as to the market. There is something up in "Sheffields" to-day, they would tell you; and when you found it was so, and asked them why they had known it, you were told that the pudgy form of Grimsby had been seen going to and fro till it literally smoked. In like manner, when Slateoff was active, they knew "York A's" were shaky. These men knew that Bruiser, Soaker, and Bouncer were in hot water three months before the smash came, from seeing one or the other of them having little interviews at that fatal door, which did not seem very gratifying to either party.

Others, again, fix themselves at the semicircular end of the building, and keep an eye on the 'busses, and the people going to Copeland's, Warren's, and Muirhead's. Seldom, during the summer, but always in the winter, may be seen at one of these windows the handsome, cheery face of the Hon. Sec. of the V. S. (Vewy Select) Cricket Club. We fancy he has his eye chiefly on the people going into the market for good things, and that he smiles a beneficent approval, and wafts them his blessing through the glass. But others, we are convinced, are placed there by bankers, bill-discounters and money-lenders in general, as spies upon the borrowing public.

There only remain the windows giving upon Exchange-street, and these are regularly watched, and the living panorama outside duly criticised. Little do the would-be fashionables of Manchester, who roll by in their carriages, or pull up at Colnaghis', dream what remorseless tongues inside the Rialto are stripping away the last rag of gentility from them. Those windows are our School for Scandal. No one passes but some one knows all about him or her. Sometimes the story is one of sheer dishonesty in the earlier commencements of their fortunes. Sometimes it is merely plucking away the peacock tail of fashion from a true-bred daw. That equipage, whose whole style would have you believe that its owner only condescended to Manchester and to commerce from a whim, we are told is occupied by a lady, whose mother was a dealer in tripe, and whose husband never remembered a father. See that carriage at Colnaghis' door. It belongs to the man who took them down the area of his walls, and told them to cover them with paintings. When it was done, young Colnaghi went up to view it, and said "You are nearly all right; you have Cox and Copley Fielding, Prout, and Creswick, and Hunt; if you had a Cattermole, you would be complete." Upon which the gentleman said he would consider it, and the next day penned the following epistle:—"My wife and me thinks we should not miss being compleat just for a caterpillar more or less; so please send one." If you want to hear the Manchester aristocracy—which means the profession of mere cash, totally apart from birth, breeding, education, or talent—reduced to its original starting-point, go and stand by the nose-flatteners at the Exchange-street windows.

Such are a few of the undertones which go to make up the daily music of our Rialto, at such times as the great business of the city is being transacted elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL QUERY.

When a man finds himself in very bad odour with his creditors, can he be blamed, if, as a sanitary precaution, he immediately proceeds to get whitewashed?

THE SPHINX ENIGMA.—Answer—DUST.

A MORNING (W)RAPPER.—The Postman.

INN-JUSTICE.—Over-charges.

SOME FORMS OF FALSEHOOD IN TRADE.

"This is a shameful thing for men to lie."—*Morte D'Arthur.*

NO more abstruse Sphinx riddle could be propounded than that of how and when the tendency to falsehood will be eradicated from human nature. It is as deeply ingrafted as the love of fighting, which Mr. De Quincey tells us is being as slowly worked out as the wearing away of that fabled granite block, in the Island of Ceylon, which the angels' trailing gossamer garments sweep but once in every hundred years. The disposition to tolerate falsehood is almost universal, for the reason mainly that we get so accustomed to it in some of its forms, as to be unable to recognise it. Men who would avoid a spoken lie as they would the pestilence, by custom or habit are daily giving their countenance to falsehoods. We are too apt to consider that to be a lie only which is a spoken deviation from the truth, forgetting that all shams are lies in whatever shape they present themselves. Taking Mr. Ruskin's dictum as correct—"That what pretends to a worth which it has not or which pretends to have cost and to be what it did not and is not is an imposition, a vulgarity, an impertinence, and a sin"—we shall be able to detect deception in many unchallenged forms. Shams abound in the conventionalities of society. Our food is adulterated to such an extent as to warrant government interference. In the furnishing of our houses we surround ourselves with shams, so that we had a writer in *Cornhill*, some time ago, devoting a paper to show that it was well nigh impossible in these times to procure sound honest furniture. The sight of these doings has ruffled even the poet's soul, for we have Mr. Tennyson exclaiming in Maud—

> "These are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,
> When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's wares or his word."

It is surprising, however, how many fools there are who may be found to believe an unblushing falsehood, and who help to augment the profits of the tradesman who professes to sell them goods "at a tremendous sacrifice." But the forms of falsehood to which we will draw attention at this time, are those which lurk in the piles of merchandise which fill our warehouses.

For the most part they may be summed up in the one word, *Finish*. Great is the mystery and importance of finish, which gives to goods an appearance of value which they have not. Our calicoes are loaded with China clay, that they may appear to be more substantial than they really are. Deleterious substances are introduced in their manufacture, which produce mildew in long voyages, so that goods arrive at their destination in a worthless condition. So far have these modes of deception been practised, that chemists are seeking to find out means of detecting this tendency to mildew in goods, that the fraud may be prevented. We print our calicoes, and mark them fast colours, when they will not bear the test of water. Modest, homely fustian, which one would think should be exempt from any frauds of finish, is by no means so; but to such an extent has the finishing process reached in goods of this kind, that a piece which contains 54lbs. of honest material, will weigh when finished 112lbs, and all this finish is rubbish, as far as any real use goes, being China clay, flour, and other like ingredients. Neither do they manage these things better in France. Of late there has been a large importation of French silks, and amongst them many which are called black glacès. Take up a piece of the cheaper kind of these and weigh it, and you will find that its price in the manufactured state is less than that of the raw material. The mystery of this is explained when it is known that the silk in the course of manufacture undergoes a weighting process. We have heard of a case in which 16oz. of pure silk have been weighted to come out 90 oz. in the manufactured state. It is well known that these black silks do not wear as they should, but this is no matter for wonder, considering the rubbish with which they are filled and the shine that is placed upon them in the process of stretching the silk so as to make it measure more in the length. This deception, doubtless, was practised in the first instance by the manufacturer upon the merchant; but now the latter refuses to guarantee French black silks, and it is the wearer only who suffers by it. By the finishing process shoddy is made to look brilliant and substantial as the first-rate article. All these deceptions declare themselves in time, as all shams must; but in the meantime they have been a source of profit to the dealers in them. In woollen fabrics, cotton is so ingeniously introduced, that it is only detected by the closest scrutiny. The dishonesty of cotton reels was proverbial some years ago. The reels were marked to contain fictitious numbers of yards, the manufacturer relying for the success of his fraud upon the improbability of the buyer measuring the cotton. This evil has, to a great extent, worked out its own cure, as, we hope, all other evils of the kind will. When the adulteration of an article of food has been detected, a premium is placed upon the pure article, and it becomes the tradesman's policy to provide it. So *apropos* to the finishing of silk in the manner described, there are houses in France in the silk trade, and also in England, who command a trade because their silks are pure and reliable. Of the moral effects of these falsehoods it is unnecessary to speak; neither would we venture to say who deserves his whipping for them. They commence with the manufacturers, who endeavour to overreach the merchant; by and bye competition destroys the extra profit, and no benefit is gained by the deception. No doubt much that is cheap and nasty is produced in conformity to that law of supply and demand. There are and will be people who will wear cheap shams of all kinds, knowing them to be such, and for their demands there will be the necessary supply. When men prefer truth to appearance and the semblance thereof, and carry out the principle in the good they buy and sell and wear, then we may hope to be rid of the falsehoods that lie in finish.

THE FREE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

AMONGST the latest religious movements, with, perhaps, in one sense, the greatest claim to novelty, and in another the very least right to that title, may be set down the Free Church of England. At first sight the title is sufficiently startling, and insensibly suggestive of the great rupture which robbed the Church of Scotland of half its members. But the Free Church of England cannot be said to be born of a great rupture. No doubt it is a fruit of division; but at present it is a growth, a movement, which may develop into something like national authority, or may, on the other hand, merely add one more sect to our hundred religious communities.

The birth of the Free Church of England in Manchester has not been attended with anything like the ceremony and bustle which generally accompanies the introduction of a new system into a new field of operation. Probably not one in fifty thousand of the public is yet acquainted with its existence. The building in which the Free Churchmen worship stands on that low-lying ground between Strangeways and Springfield-lane, which was swept by the great flood of 1866, but is now covered with streets of a respectable order, including a large hotel. The Church of St. Simon's and St. Jude's is not far off, and indeed the Free Church stands almost under the wing of its sister structure. We cannot say that there is anything particularly attractive about the Free Church in Broughton-lane, either externally or internally. It is a plain iron edifice which has probably been used for something of the same kind before, and will certainly be applied to a similar purpose elsewhere, as soon as a permanent edifice has supplanted the present structure. If, however, it has nothing specially ornamental about it, it is homely, clean, comfortable, saving in the matter of ventilation, which might be amended. The interior of the church is plain almost to a fault, as might be expected from a temporary building; but here, being of an æsthetic turn, let us give a piece of advice to the Free Churchmen about to build. An artistic structure can be built as cheaply as one of the pill-box pattern, with infinitely more convenience and without the slightest sacrifice of religious principle. If the Free Churchmen doubt our word, let them look to the building recently erected by the Bible Christian congregation in Cross-lane, Salford, and they will see how readily simplicity of doctrine may be united to good taste, and how readily, also, the principle of the former may be commended by the practice of the latter. But this is a digression; let us remove our hats and enter the building. The visitor, we can assure him or her, will be heartily welcomed and cordially received. He may take a seat anywhere, except among the choir, in the pulpit, or in the reading desk. All seats are free alike, and on every seat the worshippers will find three or four Bibles, as well as three or four Free Church Service Hymn Books. Prayer Books are not supplied, simply because the ordinary Prayer Book is in general use, and each one who

attends is therefore expected to have one. But the Service Book is a special one, and yet in the same sense in which the Free Church is not a novelty, it is not a special one. Here are all the productions of our favourite Hymnologists. Keble is there, together with Cowper and Newton. Heber, with Lyte's beautiful "Abide with me." Addison, who does not know his few exquisite hymns? Watts, with his fervour and simplicity. Wesley, Ken, Doddridge; in short the whole company of hymn writers and saints. Here there is catholicity of feeling and real fervour. The church, small as it is, is yet called "Zion" in the Hymn Book. The worshippers, few as they are, still compared to the "favoured people;" and, in fact, but for the knowledge that this is a free and a new church, everything goes on as if it had been established in Apostolic times.

The church, as we have said, is a very plain structure. The communion table stands facing you on your entrance. It is a plain, small table, covered with red cloth, having on one side the reading desk, on the other the pulpit. Close by the entrance, on the left hand side, is a sort of apsidal projection in which the choir are placed. The service is choral, the choir being assisted by a harmonium, and, considering that the Free Church is only about a month old in Manchester, the singing is effective. Certainly it does not lack heartiness. The glorious Litany of Tallis, which has rung beneath the roof of the English cathedrals for centuries, and touched the hearts, or, at all events, calmed the minds of myriads of worshippers, appears to be perfectly familiar to the Free Churchmen in Broughton-lane. Here again the Free Church has no title to the claim of novelty. Nor has the service itself, for a special Prayer Book is only now in course of preparation. It is, therefore, the regular church service which is used, and the new Prayer Book will contain the "objectionable" passages bracketed, in order that they may be left out if objected to, or retained should the clergyman and congregation think fit. The worshippers were unmistakeably earnest and devout, and almost unmistakeably intelligent and thoughtful. We do not pretend to explain the physiology of dissent of any kind, but if the faces of its followers may be taken as an index of its character, there is something organically powerful about non-conformity. It seems to stamp its men and women with a mark of its own. Whether the members of the Free Church in Manchester have been gathered out of the establishment or elsewhere, there is not one of them but has imprinted on his physiognomy the capacity of thinking for himself.

The clergyman, the Rev. J. Yeates, is "bearded like the pard." He wore the surplice and bands and the black scarf. His manner of reading was reverent. We have heard it more artistically done, still there was that unmistakeable touch of earnestness in the tone which told the congregation that the minister was not doing his duty in a perfunctory manner, but that in his words he spoke the language of his heart. The lessons were introduced with the simple phrase "let us read for our instruction," and perhaps it was more effective than the "here beginneth" of the elder branch of the ecclesiastical service. From the ordinary service not a word was dropped, no order was changed. The lessons came in their appointed place, no anthem indeed was sung, nor was there any communion service, but in every other respect the old order has not given place to new. It is a continuation of the ancient system under a different form of government in which the popular will has weight and authority. The sermon was delivered in the black gown. "The Lord shall be with the good," was the preacher's subject, and not a single point in his mode of treating it could have been controverted by Episcopalian or Jew, Catholic or Mahometan. It was an earnest, clear, and manly exposition of the christian's duty to God and man, in which, if there was nothing very profound, there was nothing that could be misunderstood, and nothing but what was intelligible to the simplest understanding.

Such is the Free Church of England service in Manchester. Some of the very strict evangelical party might consider the choral service "high," but they could not apply that phrase to the sermon, nor yet to the ordinary ceremonies in the church. There was an offertory after the sermon, or rather, we should say, a collection, for no texts were read, nor were the alms received in the fashion approved by the ritualists—with pomp and ceremony, flexion and genuflexion. The wooden box with the money was placed by the churchwarden on the communion table, and no more was said about it, but the service was closed with a hymn, as it was opened. To be strictly correct we should say that the blessing followed the final hymn, according to the custom in some of the evangelical services. The Free Church of England is therefore a compromise. It permits a certain latitude in certain things, such as a full musical service or otherwise, but it does not allow any ceremonial, or any elevation of the clergyman above the rank of minister. He is a minister and nothing more, and his people are co-workers with him. It is impossible not to regard the movement with interest, if it can indeed be called a movement. Perhaps experiment would be a more accurate phrase. In London, there are several churches or congregations; there is one at Bury, in Lancashire, and there are others in other parts of the country. Strange as it may appear, it is as much a sign of a desire for union on the part of nonconformists, as it is an evidence of a wish for relief and release on the part of churchmen. The clergyman at Broughton-lane is a congregational minister who has not the slightest objection to the church service, nor to the surplice, and who in fact thinks that connection with the state is a very moot point, which the "brethren" may hold or not. The Free Church recognises episcopal ordination. It has bishops amongst it, though they have no titles, nor are they clothed in purple and fine linen. They are overseers who ordain by "the laying on of hands." In another feature, that is, in the independence of churches, the movement comes near the Congregationalists, and in a third the Presbyterians, by the introduction of elders who work with churchwardens. When the congregation is wealthy enough to build a church, they can by a deed in chancery, not only secure the property, but also protect themselves against the possible ritualistic vagaries of their clergyman, and this, it need hardly be said, is an advantage. Experience, earnestness, and a sense of freedom have worked out the plan, and as a feature of the times it is worth much more than a passing notice.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND OWENS COLLEGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

SIR,—May I crave the indulgence of a few explanatory remarks in reply to "Fair Play," who, I am afraid, has much misunderstood me. When I said that the only standard by which to measure our PUBLIC SCHOOLS was success at Oxford or Cambridge in the examinations for scholarships and distinctions, I never dreamt for one moment of including Owens COLLEGE (with its brilliant staff of professors) among the public schools, as "Fair Play" would fain do. So far from doing so, I classed it with the Scotch Universities. Could I have paid it a higher honour? Am I not aware that boys—or *men*, if "Fair Play" will have them so—from the Grammar School proceed to Owens as other boys to other colleges? What I meant to say was, that the number of competitors and the difficulty of success were increased by the fact, that good men from such colleges as St. Andrew's, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and—to pile Pelion on Olympus—from Owens, came, and took some of the best. "Fair Play" has borne me out well in this, particularly in the "brightness," and especially in the "occasionally." I am sure "Fair Play", must bear in mind that the BEST mathematical sons of Owens Alma Mater, London, are proud to take scholarships at Cambridge—as harbingers of future fellowships. And, although we can hardly yet say, *O matre pulchra filia pulchrior*, why should not the best grandsons be proud to take them, too, when they can?

When I said that the Owens collegian was nowhere in the race with the grammar school boy, I merely referred to numbers of distinctions at the two "reserved" seats of learning. But, take the honours gained by Owens at London and elsewhere during the last seven years, and those gained by the Grammar School at Oxford and Cambridge and elsewhere during the same period—contrast them together, and I venture to assert that the Grammar School will stand considerably above Owens College. At the present time it is peculiarly necessary that the high merits and unusually brilliant and numerous distinctions of the Grammar School be emphasised; and in no way can they be better impressed on the public mind than by contrast with those of some institution prominent in the public estimation.

Of course, I did *not* refer to honours gained inside colleges, such as prizes or places in college examinations. I—and not I alone—notice that Owens has but one honour man in the matriculation list this year, and he not very high up.—I beg to remain, yours most faithfully,

THE WRITER.

CHARLES SURFACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

Chorlton Road, 11th August, 1868.

SIR,—In your notice of the Haymarket Company last week, which is so highly laudatory of Mr. W. Farren's performance of Charles Surface, a mistake arises as to the originality of certain bits of business by Mr. Kendal. As an old play-goer and constant frequenter of the performances of the Haymarket Company when the old comedies were played, allow me, in justice to Mr. Farren, to say that "the rehearsal of Charles to himself towards the end of the piece, while Joseph is making one of his long speeches of the manner in which he will throw himself upon Sir Oliver's mercy," cannot have been Mr. Kendal's original conception, as I have always seen it done by Mr. Farren, and I should say that Mr. Farren might claim the originality with much more fairness, as I never saw it done by any Charles Surface before him.—Yours truly,

VERAX.

THE COMIC JOURNALS.

A writer in one of the ablest of the New York Journals has been examining a number of the professedly comic newspapers which are printed in London. This is the conclusion at which he has arrived:

WE have been surprised to observe how little wit or even humour appears to satisfy the English public. We have found in *Punch*, in *The Owl*, in *The Tomahawk*, in *Judy*, and in *Fun*, hardly anything except puns. A fatal objection to this species of drollery is that it speedily becomes intolerably tiresome, not less in print than in conversation, and thus defeats, in the most dismal way, its own facetious purpose. A pun which is no more than a pun, and which does not include that suggestion of likeness in incongruity which is the essence of wit, is really worthless, and quite within the capacity of the dullest of mortals. This is irritating enough in colloquial intercourse; but here are some half a dozen weekly journals in London which make it their whole business to furnish puns to the British public, and do that business with a reckless and truly astonishing disregard of sense and of literary decency. The notion of these verbal coblers for comic newspapers seems to be that "a joke's a joke although there's nothing in't." The jest does not come leaping naturally to their lips, sparkling in its palpability or fraught with an occult seriousness; it is simply manufactured to order and built up with pains prepense; it is impossible to conceive of anything less like an inspiration; it is the clumsy result of a skill which is within the reach of the stupidest of school-boys, and which, with sufficient patience, might be imparted to dogs, to pigs, or to canary birds. If we take the trouble to compare these puns with those of a genuine humourist, the difference between nonsense pure and simple and drollery with a purpose, will be easily perceived. Charles Lamb said that he supposed the Mantchou (manchew) Tartars were so called—the pun is as bad as possible—because they were cannibals. He took this for granted, and did not trouble himself about the fact; but he contrived to suggest a distant and mysterious people celebrating unholy rites, indulging in an extraordinary diet, and repelling by their peculiar appetite, the advances of the most enterprising traveller. Here was a pun with a meaning; but the witticisms of which we have given a specimen are like the charades of Sir Benjamin Backbite, whose "first was the name of a fish," and whose "second was the name of a great naval commander." "I wonder, Sir Benjamin, that you never publish anything," said Lady Sneerwell. "To say the truth, Madam," answered the knight, "'tis very vulgar to print"—and so sometimes it is.

Another peculiarity of the publications under consideration is that they are filled with slang expressions and are written in a language to comprehend which the next generation will require a glossary. The comic writer of the period is the foe of English undefiled, and quite ready to adopt all the barbarous and bastard phrases of the street, the cider-cellars, the dissecting-rooms, and the stews. *The Saturday Review*, a newspaper which has taken under its especial charge the tastes and the morals of mankind, complains that English-women of birth, of fortune, and of presumptive good-breeding, employ these verbal vulgarities in conversation. *The Pall Mall Gazette*, in criticising the comic singing at present in vogue in London, says: "It would not surprise us to learn, from the way we are tending in this direction, that Belgravian sons and daughters sang 'The Eel-Pie Shop' in the course of the season, with, to quote the neat and expressive language of an advertisement, 'a harmonious bow-wow chorus of all the jolly dogs.'" If the London comic journals are not, as we suppose they are, in some degree responsible for this access of ribald vulgarity, they are at least doing nothing to diminish it. They are the constant promoters of garrulous frivolity; the gospel which they teach is that in life there is nothing real and earnest, and that upon every side society is simply ludicrous, while all enthusiasm is absurd and all profession of sincerity farcical. The human race is made up of hypocrites and fools; no statesman is to be praised until he is dead or out of place; great events, affecting the happiness of mankind, are considered as only suggesting weekly witticisms; Ireland inspires only a fresher of puns, and bleeding Crete a supply of execrable conundrums.

To condemn this chronic mania of looking for something to laugh at, is by no means to recommend that wit, humor, irony, and repartee should be discarded in the discussion of public or social affairs. It is a great mistake to suppose that there can be no gravity in laughter, that it always speaks the vacant mind, and that he who uses the weapons of ridicule can have no serious purpose. There may be tears of pity or of indignation flowing freely behind the mask of the broadest jester. Who is graver than Rabelais? Who is more thoroughly in earnest than Dr. South or Dr. Swift? Who can forget the tender humanity which refined the wildest sallies of Elia? The master hand which drew the grotesque outlines of Falstaff, painted in all the beauty of a manly melancholy the weary face of the Lord Hamlet. The faculty of laughter was given us, not merely for our immediate individual enjoyment, but for its use in fitly expressing our sense of absurd falsehood and contemptible pretension; yet it could hardly have been intended that our existence should be spent in continually "giggling and making giggle." It is not strange, when this is supposed to be the sole end of humorous writing, that in this department there are so many tokens of a visible decay. Mr. Thackeray has followed Douglas Jerrold and Mr. Hood, and Mr. Dickens alone remains to delight the judicious, while a swarm of Theodore Hooks, with all the heartlessness and without any of the talent of their prototype, keep up a constant supply of dreary drollery, and prove to be rivals whom the clowns of the circus have no reason to fear. We sometimes hear the expression of regret that no comic journal has yet succeeded in establishing itself in America. Looking over these files of folly which reach us from London, we can understand that a want is sometimes an unspeakable blessing.

NUTRITIVE MATTER IN BEER.—We can prove, with mathematical certainty, that as much flour o meal as can lie on the point of a table-knife is more nutritious than nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer; that a man who is able daily to consume that amount of beer obtains from it, in a whole year, in the most favourable case, exactly the amount of nutritive constituents which is contained in a 5lb. loaf of bread, or in 3lb. of flesh.—*Liebig.*

A WELSH WATERING PLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

Pensarn, near Abergele, Aug. 6.

SIR,—The "Queries from Llandudno," in your issue of the 1st instant, led me to think it might be useful and interesting to many of your readers if a short sketch of this little watering-place was laid before them, as some of them, no doubt, are at present considering the desirability of a few days' stay at the sea-side, and are unable to make up their minds as to where it shall be. Pensarn, then, is about seventy miles from Manchester, and adjoins the Abergele station, on the Chester and Holyhead Railway—the word Pensarn not appearing in Bradshaw. "The sand is *not* all shingle." We have here a firm level sand, almost as easy and pleasant to walk upon as the finest Turkey carpet, extending for miles on both sides. The beach is supplied with a number of clean, smart, roomy bathing-machines, commensurate with the demands of the place, which are pretty constant during six hours of the day; but all the bathing is not performed in this orthodox manner. Many young gentlemen, and older ones, too, stroll off to the dim distance, and perform their ablutions in a more primitive way. The descent being very slight, and the sands quite free from holes, the most timid bather need be under no apprehension of suddenly getting out of his depths. The beach is easily and safely approached by a bridge, crossing the railway at each end of the village. These bridges, and, in fact, the beach generally, command a good view of the Ormes Head, at Llandudo, and the range of hills rising from the sea from that point, up to within a mile of Pensarn, where the hills run inland, and form a semi-circle, terminating near the coast, some ten miles distant, and embracing the whole of the Vale of Clwyd. The village of Pensarn stands on the highway leading from Abergele to Rhyl, about fifteen minutes' walk from the former, and five miles from the latter place. Looking towards Rhyl, the old part of the village is on the left of the road, and is composed of several good houses to the front, with a number of less pretentious houses running in streets towards, and some facing, the railway. The new part is on the opposite side of the road, and is composed of two large blocks of handsome three-storied houses. In several of the houses in the old part a pair of rooms may be had for about twenty shillings per week; whilst in the new part from forty shillings to fifty shillings is the usual charge for similar accommodation. There are shops and a public market-hall, where most of the wants incident to a watering-place can be supplied; an assembly-room; baths; a good hotel, "The Cambrian," in the front street, besides two or three small inns or public-houses: the whole within three or four minutes' walk of the station and beach. Pensarn is well drained and well lighted.

At the point where the hills leave the shore, and about a mile from Pensarn, stands Gwrych Castle, said to be one of the largest structures of the kind either in the Principality or even in Great Britain. It is situated on a deeply-wooded hill-side, commands extensive sea and land views, and is the property and residence of Mr. R. B. Hesketh. The pass, which runs along at a little distance below the castle, is famous on account of the various battles fought there; and embedded in the walls, at one of the principal entrances to the castle grounds, are four granite tablets, bearing inscriptions relative to these conflicts. Following this pass, and about half-a-mile further on the way to Conway, is the village of Llanddulas, possessing large stone quarries, giving employment to a great number of men. Several circular tours can be advantageously and economically made from Pensarn; indeed, most of the chief places of interest in North Wales can be easily visited. Take, for instance, one made four years ago. Starting from Pensarn about nine a.m., we proceeded by rail to Llandudno, and having done the chief (I

had almost said only) attraction there, took the steamer which plies between Liverpool and Beaumaris, calling at Llandudno early in the afternoon, and reached Beaumaris about six p.m., saw the lions of the straits, and afterwards walked on to Bangor, where we put up for the night. Next morning by coach to Capel Carig, passing the famous slate quarries at Bethesda, and through the Pass of Nant Francon. From Capel Carig we walked to the Swallow Water Falls, on the way to Bettws-y-coed; walked from thence to Llanwrst (the railway between those places not being then in existence), and booked through by rail to Pensarn, having a little time at Llandudno Junction, just to catch a hasty glance at Conway Castle, and reaching Pensarn in time, before sunset.—Yours,

W. M.

TWELVE CANONS OF LITERATURE AND ART.

1. The source of Art is the love of the beautiful. Its aim is the excitement of the imagination.

2. The source of Literature is the love of the true. Its aim is the instruction of the intellect.

3. Paintings and sculptures intended to instruct the intellect by the record of facts are not works of Art, but of Literature.

4. Writings intended to excite the imagination by the description of the beautiful in nature or in human life are not works of Literature, but of Art.

5. Art is false to its origin when that which it creates is unbeautiful. It fails in its purpose when it leaves the imagination unexcited.

6. Literature is false to its origin when it panders to error. It fails in its purpose when it leaves the intellect unfed.

7. As the purpose of Art is the excitement of the imagination, the perfection of the expression (whereby the imagination is affected) is of more importance in Art than the thing expressed.

8. As the purpose of Literature is the instruction of the intellect, the thing expressed (whereby the intellect is instructed) is of more importance in Literature than the perfection of the expression.

9. A work may be a work of Art if the expression be good, even if the thing expressed be insignificant. It is not a work of Art if the attempt at expression fail, even if the thought which is sought to be expressed be noble.

10. A work may be a work of Literature if the thought be good, even if the expression be poor. It is not a work of Literature if the thought be worthless, even if the expression be good.

11. The secondary merit of Art is the choice of a subject. The secondary merit of Literature is the polish of style.

12. To estimate a work of Art primarily according to our intellectual or affectional interest in its subject, or to estimate a work of Literature primarily according to our æsthetic pleasure in the style, is, in either case, the criticism of ignorance.

ALCOHOL AS A STRENGTH-GIVER.—Every man that ever trained for a supreme exertion of strength knows that Tom Sayers spoke the truth when he said, "I'm no teetotaler; but when I've any business to do, there's nothing like water and the dumb-bells." Richard Cobden whose powers were subjected to a far severer trial than a pugilist ever dreamed of, whose labours by night and day, during the corn law struggle, were excessive and continuous beyond those of any other member of the House of Commons, bears similar testimony—"The more work I have to do, the more I have resorted to the pump and the teapot." On this branch of the subject *all* the testimony is against alcoholic drinks. Whenever the point has been tested—and it has often been tested—the truth has been confirmed, that he who would do his *very* best and most, whether in rowing, lifting, running, watching, mowing, climbing, fighting, speaking, or writing, must not admit into his system one drop of alcohol.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

WILL ROYALTY VISIT MANCHESTER?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

SIR,—As Manchester is about to witness the laying the foundation stones of two of her finest public buildings—as one of these is usually known by a reference to Royalty, and as each is to be of the noblest in the city, perhaps in the kingdom—would it not be well to invite some member of the Royal family to lay the foundation stone of one of these structures? I refer, of course, to our future Town Hall and Royal Exchange. As I have heard the same idea expressed by many influential residents, it has occurred to me to ask, through your columns, if any steps have been taken in the matter. I hear such has been the case, but am anxious to know the truth. One thing is certain, viz.:—If Royalty could be induced to visit Manchester on such an occasion, a vast impetus would be given to the long languishing business of the entire district, just as surely as would be the warmth and cordiality of the Royal reception.

OUR CITY'S WELFARE.

WOMEN AND SERMONS.—A sermon, from the very necessities of its structure, is the very type of the sort of talk that revolts men most. On the other hand, women really enjoy preaching. Mamma's reply to the natural inquiry as to the goodness of the sermon—"My dear, all sermons are good"—is something more than a matronly snub, it is the inner conviction of the woman. She likes, not merely a talk, but a good long talk. She likes being abused. She likes being dogmatised over and intellectually trampled on. In fact, she has very little belief in the intellect. But then she has an immense faith in the heart. She lives in a world of affections and sympathies. She has her little tale of passion in the past that she tells over to herself in the dusk of the autumn evening. She believes that the world at large is moved by those impulses of love and dislike that play so great a part in her own. And then, too, she has her practical housekeeping side, and likes her religion done up in neat little parcels of "heads" and "considerations" and "applications," and handed over the counter for immediate use. And so, while papa quarrels with the rector's forty minutes, his indiscriminate censure of a world utterly unknown to him, his declamation against Pusey or Colenso, or while Charlie laughs over his rhetoric and his sentiment, woman listens a little sadly and wearily, and longs for a golden age when husbands will love sermons and men understand clergymen.—*Saturday Review.*

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, the most recent English poet, author of *Jason* and *The Earthly Paradise*, is in business in London, as a pattern-drawer for manufacturers. He is a middle-aged, short-sized, thick-set, jolly-looking Englishman.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 143, Deansgate, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, or by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to the manager, MR. JOSEPH JOHNSON, 143, Deansgate, or 37, Corporation Street, Manchester.

AS A CHANGE

from CLARET we would draw attention to our

DINNER BEAUJOLAIS AT 16S. PER DOZEN.

Like most of the Wines of BURGUNDY, it possesses more body and smoothness than CLARET; and without desiring to depreciate one wine in favour of another, we believe there are those who may use this wine with advantage, and all may have the pleasure of a wholesome and agreeable change.

JAMES SMITH AND COMPANY,

WINE MERCHANTS,

26, MARKET-STREET,

MANCHESTER.

AND

11, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, ETC.

BODEGA.

SPANISH WINE CELLARS,

(Under the New Stock Exchange,)

NEWMARKET STREET, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.

LARGE DOCK SAMPLE GLASSES

of thirty different SHERRIES (shipped direct from the first houses) may be tested from the original package, at WHOLESALE PRICES, *i.e.*, same as by the bottle, dozen, and quarter cask.

ROEDERERS, CLICQUOTS, MOETS, PERRIER JOUETS, GIESLERS, AND EVERY NOTED CHAMPAGNE, CHARGED PER SAMPLE BOTTLE AS PER BOTTLE.

JOHN DEAN,
Manager.

THE TREVELYAN TEMPERANCE HOTEL,
CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER,

is distinguished for possessing the quiet and comfort of home, with the convenience and facilities of a First-class Hotel.

THE TREVELYAN RESTAURANT.
Dinners from 12 to 3.
Leading Features—Good Articles, Good Cooking, and Cleanliness.

THE TREVELYAN TABLE DE HOTE.
1-30 p.m., Ladies and Gentlemen.

THE TREVELYAN SMOKE ROOM.
Well Ventilated—Good Coffee and Cigars.

THE TREVELYAN BILLIARD ROOM.
No Gambling or Betting Allowed.

The Trevelyan Hotel in all its appointments is second to no other hotel in Manchester.

JAMES COWEN, PROPRIETOR.

THE CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
99 & 101, OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER.

LUNCHEON, DINNERS, AND SUPPERS.
First-class Service and the most moderate charges.
Exclusively for Gentlemen after 7 p.m.

The Original Wholesale Manufacturer of FRENCH and NEAPOLITAINE ICES, supplied to the principal Hotels, Confectioners, and Restaurants in Manchester.

N.B.—Public and Private Picnic Parties, Soirees, Balls, &c., supplied at a few hours' notice.

J. CAVARGNA, PROPRIETOR.

THOMAS'S CHOP & SANDWICH ROOMS.
ST. ANN'S PASSAGE,
ENTRANCE FROM
KING STREET, CROSS STREET,
AND ST. ANN'S SQUARE.
THOMAS STUDD, PROPRIETOR.

THIRTEEN YEARS WITH MR. BROWN.

MRS. CHARLESWORTH,
CHOP AND STEAK HOUSE,
35, CANNON STREET.

BILLIARDS! BILLIARDS! BILLIARDS!
EXCHANGE BILLIARD ROOMS are NOW OPEN, under new management, and are fitted up with two of Burroughs and Watts' New Tables.—26, Market-street, entrance opposite Thatched House.—THOS. GORTON, Proprietor.

PITY the sorrows of a left-off suit,
In exile doomed its lays to linger out;
Once I was new and handsome, I suppose,
Or by my patron I had not been chose.
But now that I am old and threadbare grown,
I, as you see, by him aside am thrown.
Well, be it so! one thing full well I know,
To him most certainly I nothing owe,
And if I to another must give place,
To me it really can be no disgrace,
I've served him well he cannot but admit,
And so with honour can his service quit,
Feeling that I from him may fairly claim
This much that I have earned a honest name,
And done full credit to "the People's Mart,"
Where I was bought as something good and smart.

NETTLETON,

"THE PEOPLE'S TAILOR,"
NUMBER ONE, NEW CROSS, (Top of Oldham-street)
AND
102, GT. ANCOATS STREET, MANCHESTER.

JOHN CAVANAH,
HATTER, BOOTMAKER, & OUTFITTER,
"NUMBER ELEVEN," OXFORD STREET, (ST. PETER'S)
Agent for
LINCOLN & BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS.

Walking, Dress, and Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Summer Overcoats, &c. in great variety.

NEW INVENTION FOR RAPID WRITING.
Combined movement by the forearm and fingers. Dashing Style. Private Rooms.
SMART & CO., Academy, 5 and 7, St. Mary's Gate.

PHILIP BARKER,
INSURANCE BROKER,
63, KING STREET.

LIFE GUARANTEE OR FIDELITY, & ACCIDENTAL ASSURANCE POLICIES, negotiated at the Lowest Rates with the Largest and Best Offices.

Prospectuses, &c., gratis, on application.

RUPTURES—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS. Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid appliances.
26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

CONSTANTINE'S TURKISH BATHS,
for Rheumatism and Colds.
CONSTANTINE'S RUSSIAN BATHS,
for Rheumatism and Colds.
CONSTANTINE'S VAPOUR BATHS,
for Rheumatism and Colds.
23, OXFORD STREET, ST. PETER'S.

GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES, Highest Honours, Elastic Stitch.
GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES. The most complete. Lock Stitch.
67, Oldham-street. Agent—J. HODGSON.

THE ENGLISH ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Chief Offices, Palmerston Buildings, London.
MANCHESTER OFFICES:
BRIDGEWATER CLUB CHAMBERS, KING STREET.
LOCAL DIRECTORS:
ROBERT NEILL, Esq., Mayor of Manchester.
John King, Esq. (Alderman), Cotton Spinner, Chepstow Street Mills, Manchester.
Joseph Simpson, Esq. (Messrs. Simpson, Thompson & Co.), Crumpsall Mills, and Fountain Street, Manchester.
BANKERS—Consolidated Bank, Limited.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Rates of Premium and Conditions.—The rates will be found fully as moderate as those charged by other first-class companies. The English is not bound by the restrictions of the combined offices.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Moderate Premiums. Fixed and liberal surrender values of not less than 35 per cent.—A few Agencies vacant.—Apply to
WM. WHITTENBURY, Resident Secretary, Manchester.

THE PUBLIC MAY ALWAYS DEPEND UPON GETTING GOOD TEA AT MODERATE PRICES
AT THE
TEA ESTABLISHMENT,
53, PICCADILLY, which is opposite the end of PORTLAND STREET; or at the one
147, OLDHAM STREET,
which is the corner of SWAN STREET, Manchester.

WILLIAM SATTERTHWAITE,
TEA MERCHANT, PROPRIETOR.

THE PUREST MANUFACTURED COCOA IS
"SATTERTHWAITE'S GENUINE TRINDAD."

MATHER'S
ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM,
EXTRACTED FROM THE CHOICEST ROSE LEAVES,
Removes Scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of Pomades) to the Hair, and prevents Baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.

Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each. Twelve bottles sent, carriage paid, on receipt of 12s. in stamps.

WILLIAM MATHER,
14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester.

ESTABLISHED 1830.

PURE WATER.—FILTERS, at 5s. 6d.

PURE WATER.—FILTERS, at 7s.

PURE WATER.—FILTERS, at 10s. 6d.

PURE WATER.—FILTERS, at 16s.

PURE WATER.—FILTERS, from 5s. 6d. to £5 5s.

SLATE CISTERNS, with or without Filters, as exhibited at the Great Exhibition, Hyde Park, 1851, class 5, and also at the Great International Exhibition, 1862, class 10. Estimates on application.

SLACK & BROWNLOW.
VICTORIA-STREET,
Works: Upper Medlock-street, Hulme,
MANCHESTER.

G. GRADWELL'S
ANGLERS', CRICKETERS', CROQUET, ARCHERY, TOY, AND CUTLERY DEPOT.

39, CORPORATION STREET.

JOSEPH TAYLOR & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS,
ACCOUNTANTS, VALUERS, ESTATE AND GENERAL BUSINESS AGENTS,
17, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER,
AND CENTRAL BUILDINGS, DEWSBURY.

FURNITURE REMOVED IN LARGE COVERED VANS,
Or STORED in First-class Rooms, at Fixed Charges.
Particulars and testimonials forwarded on application.
30 and 32, Bath Street, Hulme,
JOSEPH BOOTH, Owner and Proprietor.

Important to Brewers and Bakers.

WOOD & BAILEY'S THERMOMETERS without Glass Tube or Mercury.
Brewers and Bakers are invited to send for particulars which will be supplied post free,

J. BAILEY & CO.,
ALBION WORKS, SALFORD, MANCHESTER.

J. WOOLFENDEN, HATTER, &c., 152, Stretford Road.

ALEXANDRA. THE MANCHESTER MUSIC HALL, PETER STREET. A 1 ENTERTAINMENT. EVERY EVENING, 7-30. Admission, 6d. and 1s.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF MANCHESTER.

Gentlemen,—I again respectfully present myself to you as a candidate for the representation of my native city in Parliament.

That in so short a time as three weeks nearly 11,000 electors should have signed a requisition pledging themselves to do all in their power to secure my return is a circumstance unprecedented in the history of our elections, and affords a striking proof of the reality of political convictions in Manchester.

Without attaching a personal significance to this manifestation of your opinion, an explanation is easy. The contest of last winter has impressed you with the belief that in me you have a sound and honest Liberal, not afraid to express his own political views, whilst he respects the rights and feelings of others; and you probably also think that my commercial connection with the prosperity of this city affords a guarantee for my attention to your local wants and interests.

If I mistake not, the country is determined that the State Church in Ireland—the last badge of conquest and ascendency—shall cease to exist in that country as an Establishment, and assume the position she has so long occupied in Scotland, and now occupied in the colonies. If we had forced our religious convictions upon the inhabitants of India, or if the inhabitants of Scotland had not freed themselves from the Episcopal Church, so alien to their religious instincts, both India and Scotland would at this moment have been as discontented with English rule as Ireland herself.

I am an attached member of the Church of England, and in favour of the union of Church and State in this country—where that union is real, and based upon the willing assent of the nation; but, in my humble opinion, to talk of the English and Irish Church standing and falling together is to echo a false cry, highly dangerous to both.

Mr. Gladstone proposes to secure to Ireland the fabric of her cathedrals and churches, her glebe houses, and all private endowments, as well as carefully to respect all existing rights, and to deal only with the future. In the interests of peaceful government, I earnestly hope that these terms will be accepted, and that we shall hear no more of levelling up, nor of universal religious endowment.

Education, both in its higher departments in our universities and in its primary forms in our elementary schools, must become truly national and efficient, with equal rights and privileges for all; but I am not prepared to sanction a system of compulsory education, enforced by the policeman or inspector, until it has been shown that the institution of local boards and local machinery have failed in their objects. Place education within reach of the masses, which has never yet been done, and the boon will be accepted for its own sake.

A real and business-like economy has to be enforced upon the Government, not only by a direct reduction of taxation, but also by a thorough departmental reform, especially in our huge naval and military establishments, so that every pound of expenditure shall represent twenty shillings of efficiency.

The vexatious, and in its practical effect, the cruel restrictions on the exercise of the franchise embodied in the ratepaying clauses of the Reform Bill, must be expunged from the statute book. A vote once granted should be free, and not attended by penalties based on a sham principle. The idea of a personal payment of rates was dropped as untenable, and its operation survives only in a shape which, together with the abolition of rate compounding, is productive of the greatest inconvenience and heartburning amongst the labouring classes.

I am not opposed to working men's associations. Capital expressed by labour and capital in money have co-equal rights, and their interests are mutual. Preferential protection of either would be unjust. But I have never been able to understand why the funds of trade unions established and employed for legal purposes should be placed beyond the pale of the law, and be subjected to the depredations of dishonest officials. No question of our time more imperatively demands that both sides should be heard than that connected with the labour market and the capital which is to employ that labour; and if I have the honour to become one of the representatives of this great industrial community, my earnest endeavours will be given towards the solution of these problems.

I have never liked the principle of secret voting, especially when the restricted franchise heretofore in operation made every voter as it were the trustee and representative of many of his neighbours. Now that a vote is placed within the reach of the great body of the people, this objection has become correspondingly weakened, and the mechanical conveniencies of the ballot, which are indisputable, may with propriety be considered in future legislation. The true remedy for intimidation, however, is to be found in the comparative equalisation of constituencies, and it seems to me a great reflection on our legislation, and on public opinion itself if we cannot protect a man in the exercise of his vote whilst he records it in the light of day.

Sanitary reform, and the prevention of avoidable sources of mortality—fortunately for the happiness of mankind—greatly occupy public attention, and have naturally engaged much of my time in the earlier part of my life, and I hope the knowledge thus gained may be useful.

Such, gentlemen, are my political principles, which, being honestly entertained, will be honestly advocated. It is impossible, and if possible, it would be undesirable, that all minor differences should be merged in a stagnant uniformity of opinion. Out of discussion and conflict come truth and advancement, and I am sure the electors of Manchester will pardon the length at which I have endeavoured to lay before them the grounds of my political faith, desiring as I do, above all things, that there shall be no concealment as to my views.—I am, gentlemen, your faithful and obedient servant,

Portland-street, Aug. 11, 1868. MITCHELL HENRY.

NATIONAL REFORM UNION.

GEORGE WILSON, Esq., President.
HUGH MASON, Esq., Deputy Chairman.
ROBERT PLATT, Esq., Treasurer.

BANKERS:—MANCHESTER & LIVERPOOL DISTRICT BANKING COMPANY, Manchester.

HEAD OFFICES:—Gladstone Buildings, 52, Market-street, Manchester.

LIBERALS are requested to refer to the new BOROUGH and COUNTY Lists, which may be seen at the offices of the National Reform Union, in order to see if they are duly registered.

Those finding their names OMITTED, but who are duly qualified to be registered for Counties or Boroughs, are urged to claim immediately.

Forms of claim, and all other necessary information may be obtained on application to

J. D. MORTON,
Agent of the National Reform Union, Gladstone Buildings, 52, Market Street, Manchester.

ELECTORS! MIND WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT!!

The late House of Commons contained the following

WAR MEMBERS.

Lieut.-Colonels, Majors, and Captains	176
Colonels, Lieutenants, Cornets & others	46
Admirals, Generals, and Major-Generals	9
Supporters of War by distinct avowal, or close family relationship	51
Other War Officials	7
Total Direct War Supporters	289

There were also;

Of Independent Gentlemen	146
„ Merchants, Manufacturers, &c.	120
„ Barristers, and other Legal Members.	101

Of the 146 Independent Gentlemen, fully one-half were in favour of a large War Expenditure, in addition to many others not connected with the "services." The War voting power of that House was not less than 400 members,—or more than

HALF OF THE ENTIRE HOUSE OF COMMONS!

Is it wonderful, therefore, that our War Taxation (including Interest of the War Debt) exceeds

SIX THOUSAND POUNDS AN HOUR,

by night and day, throughout the whole year?

ELECTORS! Be firm, and do your duty, honestly and fearlessly. Your present tremendous Expenditure will ruin

OLD ENGLAND!

Demand Retrenchment of every Candidate at the New Election; but, above all, do not Vote for

A WARRIOR.

He will spend your money, and increase your taxes.

AGENT:—WILLIAM STOKES, 17, ST. ANN'S SQUARE, MANCHESTER.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.
NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART AT LEEDS.

For the accommodation of parties wishing to visit the above, the public are respectfully informed that First, Second, and Third Class Tickets will be issued to Leeds, from all Stations on this Company's Line, at ONE FARE for the Double Journey, to parties of not less than Six First Class, or Ten Second Class or Third Class passengers.

The Tickets will be available for Return the SAME DAY ONLY, and parties can only proceed and return by that class of carriage for which they have taken tickets.

Where the distance exceeds fifty miles, the Tickets are available for Return the following day.

To obtain these Tickets, application must be made by letter, not later than three days before the excursion, addressed to the Superintendent of the district, stating the following particulars, viz.:—For which class of carriage; the date of the proposed excursion; and the probable number of the party.

17 AUG 68

Manchester, August 1, 1868. BY ORDER.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.
TOURISTS' TICKETS BY ORDINARY TRAINS.

On and after June 1st, 1868, RETURN TICKETS by Ordinary Trains, "First and Second Class," available for One Calendar Month, will be issued from all the principal stations upon this Company's Railway to

FLEETWOOD, LYTHAM, BLACKPOOL, SOUTHPORT.

THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS, available by Third Class Trains for fourteen days, are also issued to

SOUTHPORT,
BLACKPOOL, LYTHAM, and FLEETWOOD.
THE ISLE OF MAN,

By way of Liverpool, and thence by the Isle of Man Company's Steamers, which will leave the Prince's Pier-head, daily, on and after June 1, to September 30, at one p.m.; returning from Douglas at or after 9 a.m. daily (Sundays excepted). These Tickets do not include conveyance between the Exchange Station, Liverpool, and the Steamer.

SCARBOROUGH,

Harrogate, Ilkley, for Ben Rhydding, Whitby, Bridlington, Filey, Redcar, Hornsea, Withernsea, Saltburn, Seaton, and Tynemouth.

CUMBERLAND,

Windermere, Furness Abbey, Grange, Ulverstone, Coniston Lake, Keswick, Penrith, or Troutbeck for Ullswater, Lancaster, or Morecambe, *via* Hest Bank.

SCOTLAND,

Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dumfries, Beattock, Ayr, Melrose, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dunkeld, Arbroath, Aberdeen, Keith, Elgin, Inverness.

DUBLIN.

To NORTH WALES, including Rhyl, Abergele, Conway, Bangor, Carnarvon, Vale of Clwyd, Ruthin, Llanrwst, Llandudno, Holyhead, &c.

NORTH OF IRELAND,

Portrush (for Giant's Causeway), Lake Erne, Londonderry, and the North of Ireland and Belfast, *via* Fleetwood, the only direct route.

PIC-NIC and PLEASURE PARTIES at one Single Fare for the Double Journey.

Holders of Tickets for the above travel by Ordinary Trains.

For further information respecting fares and times of Trains starting, see this Company's Tourist Programme. Time books and bills at all the booking offices on the line.

Superintendent's Office, BY ORDER.
Victoria Station, Manchester, May, 1868.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

TOURISTS' TICKETS TO THE ISLE OF MAN, *via* Liverpool, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class, available for One Calendar Month, commencing June 1st, 1868.

From	RETURN TICKETS. 1st Class and Saloon.	2nd Class and Saloon.	3rd Class and Deck.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Manchester	19 0	16 0	9 6
Ashton	20 6	17 6	10 0
Oldham	20 6	17 6	10 0
Rochdale	20 6	17 6	10 6
Bolton	18 0	16 0	9 0

Passengers holding the above tickets must go and return from the Isle of Man by way of Liverpool, and thence by the Isle of Man Company's Steamers, which leave the Prince's Pier Head daily to September 30, at or after 1 p.m., returning from Douglas at or after 9 a.m. daily (Sundays excepted). Trains leave the Victoria Station, Manchester, at 7 a.m. (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class), nine a.m. and 10.20 a.m. express (1st and 2nd class).

NOTICE.—Every Saturday during July and August the Royal Mail Steamers Tynwald, Douglas, or Snaefel are appointed to leave the Prince's Landing Stage, Liverpool, for Douglas, at four o'clock afternoon, returning from Douglas each Monday morning at 6 a.m.

These Tickets do not include conveyance between the Exchange Station, Liverpool, and the steamer.

Manchester, May 20, 1868. BY ORDER.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.
CHEAP SUMMER EXCURSIONS (DAILY) TO LITTLEBOROUGH, for HOLLINGWORTH,

From Manchester, Stalybridge, Ashton, Bolton, Bury, Middleton, &c.

FARES FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY:—
First Class 2s. 6d.; Second Class 1s. 9d.; Third Class 1s. 3d.

A SPECIAL TRAIN also leaves the Victoria Station, Manchester, on SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, at 2.45 p.m. for LITTLEBOROUGH.

To WHALLEY, CLITHEROE, and CHATBURN, EVERY SATURDAY, from Manchester, at 1.30 p.m.

FARES FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY:—
First Class 4s. ..... Third Class 2s. 6d.

For further particulars see handbills.

BY ORDER.

Superintendent's Office,
Victoria Station, Manchester, July 16, 1868.

MANCHESTER.—Printed and Published for the Proprietors by JOHN HEYWOOD, of 141 and 143, Deansgate, in the parish of Manchester, and of Blanche Villa, Edge Lane, in the parish of Stretford. Saturday, August 15, 1868.

GARDEN HOSE, With Taps, Roses, Jets, Spreaders, and Union Joints. 11, Corporation-street, Manchester. H. STATHAM & CO.